

THE
ATHENÆUM.

LONDON

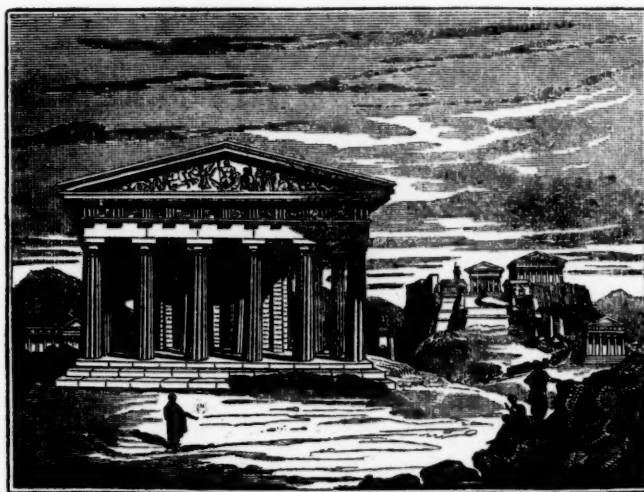
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PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

UNPUBLISHED LECTURES ON PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A.

No. II.

Division of General Literature—Nature and Design of Periodical Literature—Its Application and different Styles.

In my last Lecture, I took occasion to remark, that, active and vigorous as is the public mind at this period, and determined as it is in the pursuit of knowledge, there are certain drawbacks to the satisfaction we feel at this, and other characteristics to be observed, which, in some measure, prevent society's receiving all the good it might from its state of excitement and activity. One of these traits in the intellectual character of the times, I observed to be a tendency to materialism; a disposition to make physical science of too paramount importance, and to resolve all principles and inquiries into the philosophy of expediency. Another I mentioned was, an unsettledness and impatience, which indisposes the great majority of what is termed the reading public, or those who address them, to cultivate any of the higher branches of literature, or those, by the cultivation of which, any great benefits would result to society; and I observed, lastly, that there is a want of literary and intellectual independence, which, by over-rating the obedience due to great names, and the authority of opinion, however stated, exposes the public to attempts upon the right of private judgment, and hinders the free and uncontrolled examination of literary pretensions. I have now to remark, that, in considering the present state of letters in this country, and particularly that of the periodical press, we find these circumstances exercising a very important influence, and giving that modified character of bold activity and shallow philosophy, of eager curiosity and narrow views, of readiness to seek, and credulity in receiving, which strongly colours the whole great mass of the public mind, and gives the tone to the current opinions and tastes of the day.

Literature in general, for the sake of giving some degree of clearness to our speculations upon the subject, may be divided into three great branches, to each of which belongs a class of compositions peculiar to some of the ruling faculties of the mind, or appealing to certain principles in the mental constitution. According to this, we have the works which belong more particularly to the imagination, those which are employed in the investigation of our moral nature, or in seeking for its amelioration; and, lastly, those which are composed from the results of philosophical inquiry into natural causes, and from the invention or arrangement of new principles of science. I made a few cursory observations on the present state of these three great divisions of literature, at the close of my last Lecture; and I shall now do little more than add to them such reflections, as may illustrate the opinions I have started as to the actual state of the public mind. With regard, then, to the first of the three branches into which I have divided our literature, it may be observed, that works of imagination are of two kinds, the one consisting of the loftier species of poetry, the other of poetry of a lower class, and the lighter essays of fiction. Of the former, we have at present in England not a single true specimen, here being no living poet who can lay any claim

to the possession of the higher and purer qualities belonging to his art. Passion, pathos, the power of sweet and beautiful combinations: a facility in all the elegancies of style, and, in some few celebrated instances, a clear and spiritual apprehension of the mysteries of our human nature, and the secret unmanifested glories of universal being—these powers and qualities are possessed by some of our most popular writers; but imagination, in its strength and mighty energy, is unknown among them, and, consequently, no poetry, with one or two exceptions, has lately appeared, deserving the highest rank in this department of literature. Of works of fiction, it may almost be said that they form the staple of English literature at present. Novels and romances are the bookseller's most valuable copy-right, and the author's surest stepping-stone to fortune and reputation: they are read by all classes; composed by intellects of every different degree of power, and sent forth into the world in all forms, and taking every tone of sentiment.

Of the next branch, or that of moral literature, it may be safely asserted, that, as a distinct branch of national literature, it never was at a lower ebb. Of metaphysical writers, we cannot mention one single distinguished name, or, at least, one that is attached to a work of importance; and it would appear as if the study of mental philosophy were to be banished from England, which, we believe, it would be, were it not for the labours of our Scottish friends, or the occasional importation of some German treatise. Of ethical writers, or those on practical morals, we possess almost as few; and even most of these are distinguished, rather by their attachment to some particular dogmas, than by their pure, elevated, and devout love of all that can enoble our nature, from whatever sources it can be drawn, for whatever sacrifices of selfishness it may call, or on whatever basis it may rest, besides the pillars we are able to hew out from, or set up in memorial of, our own triumphs. In respect to the theological branch of moral literature, I have already observed, I think, that we have none at present which deserves to be called so; and whoever examines, or knows any thing about, those great and magnificent works which the Taylors, and Hookers, and Barrows, of a former age, bequeathed to us, cannot but look with astonishment, as well as regret, at the state of theological literature in a country which has been almost consecrated as the peculiar sanctuary for its study. But leaving these branches in the state of which we see so little cause for feelings of gratification, we approach the last part of our division,—namely, the scientific and philosophical branch of our literature. And, in respect to this, we certainly live in an era of which we have reason to be proud; for never was there a day in which every department of natural philosophy was pursued with such vigour, or cultivated with such success. Chemistry we have seen undergoing an almost complete revolution in all her principles, her modes of operation, her designs, and her application. Geology has had her birth in our times, and the same may be said, with nearly equal truth, of Mineralogy. As sciences depending on principles and reasoning, they can scarcely be said to have existed in England half a century ago; and now they are pursued with a most persevering patience of investigation and research; are endowed with a carefully arranged nomenclature, and have professorships belonging to them in the Univer-

sities, filled by men of distinguished abilities. Another science, which has also had its origin in our times, is Phrenology, which, without entering into an examination of its merits, is another evidence of the scientific disposition of the age; for a large Society already exists, which is devoted to its diffusion and advancement, and a regular Journal is published to promote the same purposes. Of the Mathematical sciences I need but remark, that, in one of our Universities, they are pursued nearly to the exclusion of all others, and that they are made the foundation of even the popular knowledge, which the advocates of general education are endeavouring to diffuse. The same is true also of the Mechanical sciences; every thing is endeavoured to be explained on principle; the invention of the mechanic is set at work by the study of general theorems, and his ingenuity is employed in solving the problem, on the better principles of which he has been working all his life. If, now, we turn to consider the causes which have contributed to raise and quicken some of these branches of literature and depress the others, we shall find them in the state of the public mind, which, while it is full of activity, is too much employed on notions of utility to be imaginative; too strong in its tendencies to doctrines of materialism, to be lofty in its moral aspirations; but yet, from both these circumstances, the more likely to be allured by works of light fiction, and in the best of all possible states for the general diffusion and popularity of the sciences. We now come to the more immediate consideration of periodical literature, which we propose to examine first in itself, that is, in its particular characteristics as distinguished from what may here be termed book literature; and, secondly, in its relation to those several divisions of general literature which we have already mentioned.

Periodical literature, then, has primarily for its purpose the gratifying of the interest men take in observing the manners of their contemporaries or associates; in hearing speculations on the motives which have led to this or that mode of acting in well-known characters; or in laughing at the witty exposure of their follies and affectations. The painting of manners, or delineation of human character in its slight perversions and eccentricities, was, in fact, the original object which periodical publications had in view, and to which the first, and, perhaps, the most really popular, of them were devoted. 'The Tatler,' which was started by the witty and accomplished Steele, and whose eye was keen enough to catch the most trifling peculiarity in the manners of society, was read and admired for its pointed and vivacious sketches, and its satires on the lighter circumstances of public morals. 'The Spectator,' which followed it, had merits of a higher order, and Addison, by the grace and elegance of his style, the unlaboured beauty of his preceptive essays, the new and popular manner of his criticisms, and, above all, by the inimitable vein of Shakspearian humour for which the characters he delineated were distinguished,—by these excellencies that celebrated writer gave a superiority to 'The Spectator,' not only over its predecessor, but over the greater part of those which succeeded it. The serious tone, also, of Addison's papers bestowed importance on the work, and, it is probable, in a good measure, influenced the style of the other writers in it. The elegance of his manner and the purity of his idiom, which was such, that, as his humour was

Shakspearian, so might his style be well called Horatian,—this raised and established the credit of the paper among men of letters, and those of the most fastidious taste; and 'The Spectator' consequently became a model for all similar works in that and the succeeding period. That publications of this sort, destined to catch every effervescence of social feeling, to pourtray character so that we may anatomize its nicest fibres, and to be, as it were, the day-book and register, between good sense and honesty on the one side, and fashionable folly or prurient hypocrisy on the other,—that publications of this sort must be not only useful, but afford a very amusing and charming species of reading, will not be readily denied; and we may recur to the examples we have mentioned, and to the effect which there is every reason to believe they had on the manners of their times, as affording the best arguments that can be brought in favour of the general utility and importance of periodical literature. But this character, which originally belonged to the species of publication we are considering, became greatly modified and changed in subsequent periods; and our opinion of it, therefore, must be, in some respects, different. Since the time of 'The Tatler' and 'The Spectator,' and the other works which were formed on the same plan, and in a great degree imitated them in style and contents, periodical literature has, indeed, undergone an entire revolution. The admirable works of which we have been speaking, gave rise to others, which gradually degenerated into mere collections of love tales, wretched scraps of poetry, pretended court-scandal, and supposed letters of persons of quality. Of such a class were the multifarious 'Ladies' Magazines' and 'Fashionable Repositories,' at the contents of which we are now so apt to stare with wonder, but which, a century, or even half a century, back, formed the belles lettres of the reading public. I need hardly observe, that, when periodical literature is in this state, it is very far below the point at which any sort of literature is worthy of notice. From this condition, however, it was gradually raised, and such works as 'The Gentleman's Magazine,' and, among those of a much lighter and more miscellaneous character, 'The European,' were started; and a new strength and vigour were given to the languid spirit of the periodical press. Still, however, it could hardly be considered of any public consequence; and it was not till 'The Edinburgh Review' was commenced, which was speedily followed by others of the same bold and lofty character, that it could be regarded as having a real and national existence. The talent, the tone of strong political feeling, the new views taken in criticism, the vigour of some articles and the elegance of others, which distinguished these periodicals of the new school, soon rendered the kind of literature to which they belonged popular throughout the kingdom, gave it an authority which it had not till then possessed, and established it as the judge of public policy and literary talent. The circumstances which have gradually called the mind of the nation into action, which have made it eager after novelty and employment, and turned all men into readers and inquirers,—have since given birth to publications of a more general character than those we have just mentioned, and produced the periodical literature of the present day. That, under the form and circumstances in which it now appears, it exercises a considerable influence, there can be little doubt; and there can be as little, that it might be made to exercise that influence to the most beneficial purposes. For it must always be of use to possess land-marks in that wide stream of thought and opinion on which we are continually borne along, and there are no better land-marks than the great and popular periodicals of the day. It has also been said to be of important use, in its being the vehicle in which aspiring talent first ventures itself. But I think this is giving it a merit not belonging to it.

Talent will always find its proper time and medium for manifesting itself; and I am inclined to believe, that no young writer was ever benefited by being flattered with a corner in some periodical for an essay, or a copy of crude verses. He who is obliged to work in retirement till he has gained a maturity of talent, will be ever stronger than one who has been half told that he is already fitted to come forth. I will venture to suggest another, and, I am inclined to believe, a much better, argument, of the same kind, for the utility of periodicals; and it is, that a very considerable portion of readers receive the instructions, or enjoy the productions of writers of the most distinguished talents, with whose opinions or genius they could in no other way become acquainted. Such authors might, indeed, publish works on the subjects which engage their attention; but the composition of one or two of these would employ them their lives, and it would be but comparatively a few who could reap any good from their labours. But, as it is, they have a medium always at hand for the transmission of their sentiments; they utter them whenever any occasion calls for them, and thousands are at once put in possession of the treasures of their minds. Another good, also resulting from the extension and improvement of periodical literature, is, that, on the one hand, it affords employment to the public mind, and favours its tendencies to the pursuit of science and intellectual improvement; and, on the other, that it gives a more general and freer spirit to literature itself than it would otherwise have, by bringing together the productions of every class of mind, displaying the main points of consideration in almost every question that can be started, opening the door to every inquirer whose talents entitle him to respect, and, in addition to this, offering something, which, even in its lightness is elegant, for those, who, were it not for the resources it affords, would live in a state of perfect intellectual sloth. These are great advantages, and they all belong to periodical literature when properly conducted. How far they are offered by the different publications known among us, will come under consideration in a subsequent Lecture; and we have now to consider the second part of the subject immediately before us; that is, the relation of periodical literature to the three great branches into which we have divided literature in general.

It must be at once evident, that there are some species of knowledge, or subjects of literary interest, which are infinitely better adapted to appear through the rapidly changing mediums of periodical works than others. We have spoken of the literature which belongs to the imagination, which has also been viewed under the several heads of poetry and general works of fiction. Now, it is certain, that we are not to look to periodical literature as likely to afford encouragement to any of the higher exercises of the imagination; for, first, the productions that spring from these efforts of elevated intellect are of a character not adapted to the nature of such works, inasmuch as neither the stern magnificence, nor solemn beauty, of poetry of this class, is relished or understood by even a small proportion of the readers of periodicals. In the next place, writers of this class, as they soar higher in their conceptions, so are they also of spirits too retired and lofty to willingly mix themselves up with the busy but less pure and noble intellects, that can more easily bend to popular caprice, and speak a language more comprehensible by the ordinary class of readers. Had Milton, or any of the greater Greek poets, lived in our times, I do not conceive that the appearance of the sublimest passages of their works, in 'The New Monthly,' or 'Blackwood's Magazine,' would have added fifty subscribers to either of them, and I am more than certain, that the lonely and inspired old man would never have reckoned him-

self among their contributors. There can, I think, be little doubt, therefore, that the higher efforts of genius are neither called forth by, nor are likely to grace, this species of literature, however flourishing may be its condition in regard to popularity,—at least in England, where its character must ever be essentially popular, and where the spirit of popular thinking and feeling is essentially opposite in its dispositions to an earnest and sedate, or very elevated mood. In Germany, I believe, this is not the case; but there, periodical works are addressed to a people very differently constituted in their intellectual character, and prepared in a variety of ways for the reception of such compositions. In a word, they are less pleased with mere novelty than we are, and are more inclined than we to delight in the freer workings of the imagination; two circumstances which very materially conduce to their popular literature taking a higher tone than ours. When, however, we come to consider the lower classes of composition which belong to the branch of which we are now speaking, we find the case different; and that our periodicals have been greatly influential in keeping up and diffusing a taste for some very elegant pieces of writing, which would scarcely have existed without them, or found a medium of circulation. Of the light and graceful poetry, which fascinates us either by the elegance of its diction, or the beauty and tenderness of its sentiments, many very admirable specimens may be found in the different periodicals of the day; and, though the poetry of Magazines was once considered as proverbially bad, and we might, even yet, find some most ludicrous examples of its badness in publications at present in fashion, yet when I recall to your mind some occasional pieces in 'The New Monthly,' the poetry of L. E. L. in 'The Literary Gazette,' that of Delta in 'Blackwood;' and, more especially, the surpassingly beautiful compositions of Mrs. Hemans, which have appeared in more than one work of the kind, I think it can hardly be doubted, that periodical literature has been favourable to the cultivation of the lighter species of poetry, and in diffusing a taste for it among readers generally. For it is to be remarked, that all the writers I have mentioned, have not only originally appeared before the public in the pages of a Periodical, but have risen to eminence through that medium, and continued to make use of it for the display of their matured powers. But I must now pass from this to another species of writing, which has almost originated in Periodicals; I mean that description of essay, which, sometimes taking its subjects from some passing events in life, dresses up the figures of the drama after some inwardly conceived model; at others, soaring a little above the surface, shows us mankind refined from their worldliness, and adorned with the writer's own rich fancies; or which draws a picture that is, when we first look at it, only striking for its broad lights and shades, but in which we afterwards find a score of individual likenesses, or groups, that answer to the groupings in the wide and busy world. Of these, I may mention, as not being surpassed either for beauty of expression, or exquisite tenderness of sentiment, the Papers which have appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' by Professor Wilson, whose power of blending all the sweet and mellow voices of nature, all the silver chimings of spheres and elements, with the deep and fervent breathings of the human heart has been hitherto unrivalled. In the same Magazine, there are also several articles, of great sweetness and natural pathos, by Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. Some papers of great merit, though of a somewhat different cast, as to the style and materials, have likewise appeared in 'The New Monthly.' I may mention, as an example, one entitled 'Wesley and his Disciple,' which appeared some little time ago, and was written by the author of the very interesting Letters from the East, which appeared in the same Periodical. I have but to mention one more example of this

species of writing, which is really an ornament to the Magazines of the present day, and which is, perhaps, as excellent in its kind as the most fastidious critic could desire. The example I am now adducing, in illustration of these remarks, are some essays, if so they may be called, whose matter has been collected by an eye as keenly sensible to every little feature in our English landscapes, and by a heart as open to all the plain and honest good nature of our village peasantry, as the eye and heart of either Wilson or the Ettrick Shepherd to the more romantic beauties of Scottish scenery and manners. I mean some papers which have appeared at different times in the old 'Monthly Magazine,' and which are, I believe I may safely say, by the authoress of 'Our Village,' Miss Mitford. They are signed with her initials; but any reader in the slightest degree acquainted with the exquisite freshness of style and thought which distinguishes all the compositions, both prose and poetry, of that lady, will find no difficulty in at once assigning them to her pen. I need, perhaps, scarcely observe, after adducing these instances, that I think the increase and prosperity of periodical literature have been greatly conducive to the formation of this lower but yet most elegant species of imaginative composition, and that I consider it to be one of the most distinguished and favourable characteristics of the publications we are considering. It has also had a good effect on the public taste. The habits of the popular mind in England are not, as we have said, propitious to the higher exercises of imaginative power, but they are favourable to the development of the home sympathies of the heart, of the deep and glad feelings that are woven in with the love of our father-land, and the exhilarating sense of our dwelling being among those of our brethren: and the sketches of which we have been speaking, have fed and nourished these kindly feelings of our English nature; they have led us among the lone romantic streams, taught us the very language of the wild woods and glens, and the religion of the devout-hearted people of the sister country. They have brought, too, before the eyes of our city or fashion-jaded countrymen, pictures of our own manners in their least sophisticated forms; and have increased our store of pleasant memories, our materials for quiet fire-side reveries, our fairy pictures and tablets of sweet human forms and gentle human intercourses; and have thus afforded a sort of heaven to the harsher materials, of which public thought is composed, and softened the asperities of other and more worldly lucubrations.

We have now to make a few observations on the relation of periodical literature to the second great division of general literature; that is, to such as treat of, or belong to, the science of morals. Of that part of the inquiry which would lead me to speak of the higher departments of moral science, or rather of that which belongs to religion, I shall dispose in a few words. If we are guided at all by the periodical publications which are professedly of a theological nature, and which are, at present, most widely circulated among the religious public, I should say that we have sufficient proof of the little fitness there is in such a medium for the conveyance of the truths with which religion is concerned. The Magazines of this class with which I am acquainted, are, for the most part, filled with disquisitions on particular points of doctrine, with the inquiries of the ill-informed, and answers to their queries by writers knowing as little of the subject: and the only use which these periodicals appear to be of to religious readers, is the information they contain on public matters connected with the interests of religion, which has, of course, nothing to do with their moral usefulness. In this, I think, they are, and as mere Magazines ever will be, of most questionable importance; for the only source of variety to them—the discussion of the merits of a present controversy, or the starting of new opinions or doubts by the correspondents—

is by no means one uniformly safe to draw from: I am indeed sure, (and I can here speak with a little professional confidence,) that the crude, ill-founded, and confused essays, or letters like essays, which I have seen in some works of this sort, are more likely to do any thing than advance the interests of true Christianity in its catholic purity, or establish its professors in the knowledge and belief of any of its doctrines. It may, perhaps, be said, with safety, that the regions of sacred knowledge are to be explored in a spirit so different, and for ends so widely at variance with those connected with a species of literature whose most striking characteristic is novelty, or a certain brilliancy of invention and sentiment, that religious periodicals will seldom or never answer any really good purpose, either to readers or writers. Descending, however, from these heights, to the lower and more easily tracked plains of morality and social intercourse, we come into the legitimate provinces of periodical literature. It has been already observed, when speaking of 'The Spectator' and 'The Tatler,' that their principal design was to delineate the manners of the times, and to hold up to ridicule the absurd and preposterous affectations which distinguished some classes, and the half-vicious, half-foolish, imitations of others; to set up, in fact, a censorship, the authority of which should be derived from the public, and whose authority the public should recognize, by keeping up and patronizing the design. Nothing could be more useful, nothing more fruitful in amusement, than such a kind of publication. It afforded room for the most piquant observations, and the most interesting details; for the liveliest sallies of wit and ridicule, and the sagest lessons of experience. It afforded, in fact, the very kind of reading which all classes may enjoy, and from which they may all gather that mixture of pleasure and profit which it is the greatest possible excellency of a work of light reading to render. Is it not, then, I may ask, somewhat singular that we have not, at the present time, one single periodical which answers to this class, or from the contents of which any specimens of the same kind of writing may be drawn?

There is occasionally in the 'New Monthly' a character, or a satirical essay, and the same may be said of one or two other Magazines, but they are, in general, too full of point, or too highly touched, to be good in their kind. They want the ease, the natural playfulness, the lively gentlemanly humour of the older essays; and we can hardly help thinking, while reading them, that the writers of the former, saw and described the accidental circumstances, or common scenes, of their every day's experience, while the latter dressed themselves for a visit, or prepared themselves with note-books, like reporters. It is also worthy of observation, that the material of the earlier compositions was drawn from the busy scene of life as it is before us every hour, and from the study of mankind, in their ordinary and domestic relations and habits; while that of the later ones is made up of sickening portraits or sketches of public personages and scenes, which, even when done in the best possible manner, are of little use when coming from anonymous writers, of whose veracity or good taste we can form no judgment.

The moral importance, or the direct moral character, of our periodical literature at present is, therefore, to be rated exceedingly low; and it is only in an indirect manner that its extensive popularity is made subservient to beneficial purposes. That it is of important use there can be little doubt; but it is so only by keeping the intellect in constant activity, prompting the spirit of inquiry, or softening, as in the instances I have alluded to, by some of its imaginative portions, the busy, earthly, and turbulent character of the times. In considering the use of that branch of periodical literature which belongs to science, we need not observe, that, as science is every day progressing, so it must always be of importance that

its progress should be generally known; that, as many of its most important successes are the result of a common intercourse kept up among scientific men, this intercourse should be extended as widely as possible; and, lastly, that, as the curiosity, the growing intelligence, and active intellect of the age, is continually wanting the solid and substantial food which science affords it, so it cannot but be of use that the improvements and acquisitions of science should be made public, and be supported by the increasing intelligence of society.

I have now briefly considered the nature of periodical literature, and its relation to the three great branches of general literature. Some portions of the latter part of the subject I shall more fully consider when I come to examine the present character of our principal Periodicals. I must, however, observe, in conclusion, that the closer I survey the size and extent of the mighty machine thus set up among us, and which has some hold or other on every part and portion of society, I cannot but be surprised at the few important purposes to which it is made effectively useful, the ignoble services to which it is too often applied, its subjection to the narrow-minded policy of avarice, its frequent subversion into the tool of a party—its more frequent employment as the play-thing of idlers, or the hiding-place of sensualists.

TALES AND LEGENDS.

Tales and Legends. By the Authors of 'The Old Volume.' 3 vols. Cadell. Edinburgh, 1828.

A BAD title may be a temporary hindrance to the popularity of a good book; but a striking and inviting title to one, the contents of which are without interest, only serves to irritate the reader, and make his disappointment fall heavily on the author. This is, in a good measure, the case with the work before us. 'Tales and Legends' were words full of pleasant sound to our ears, and we took up the book in expectation of finding every page of it glowing with the emblazoning of rich and antique memorials. We thought of our early wanderings in fairy-land, of our 'Robinson Crusoe' solitudes and adventures, and then of the fair bright visions that had floated before us, and been mistaken for reality; and we expected to feel something, at least, of the charm of these earlier emotions, and had resigned ourselves into a humour, that a moderate share of romance-writing talent might have raised into the happiest of all moods. We have, however, been greatly disappointed; and did we not remember that the authors of this work had imposed a debt of thanks upon us for a former pleasant and amusing production, we should be disposed to reprehend the faults of their present one with considerable severity.

'Tales and Legends' consists of ten or eleven stories; and we must, in justice, say, that, though the work in general is of very inferior merit, there are a great many different degrees of it in the several pieces of which it is made up. Those entitled to the most attention appear to be the smaller sketches which compose the second volume, which display a good deal of humour, and, occasionally, a power of very happy description. With regard to the larger pieces, 'The Rescue,' in the first volume, presents some vivid pictures, and, had the plot been better worked out, would have been really a very interesting story. The ground-work of this tale, which is said to be taken from the German of Döring, is the adventure of a smuggler in the Black Forest, whose brother is in love with the niece of an old merchant employed as a spy in France. The latter, being on his way homeward, is attacked by the smuggler's party, and an acquaintance is thus made between the old man and the brother of his niece's lover. An unfortunate enterprise exposes the smuggler to the pursuit of the Government officers, and he is obliged to a

the route of his unwilling companion the spy. The character of both the fugitives is discovered in their flight; and they are just on the point of falling a sacrifice to French vengeance, when a victory on the part of the Germans delivers them. The lover has, in the mean time, arrived from France, where he had been employed in an official capacity, and the story terminates with the marriage of him and the merchant's niece. The best passage in the tale, is the account of an adventure, in which the smuggler hoped to take advantage of the funeral of a Grand Marshal, to import a quantity of valuable goods. It is as follows:

"Towards the evening of the same day, an unusual crowd from Kehl and Strasburg assembled upon the Bridge of the Rhine. Knights, soldiers, citizens, and persons of all ranks and denominations, thronged the extensive bridge, under which the majestic river rolled its foaming waves. This moving multitude appeared to be attracted to the same spot by some object of curiosity. All rushed to the German side of the bridge, where they remained assembled, and turned their anxious looks in the direction of Kehl, to watch the appearance of the long-expected funeral procession of the French Field-Marshal, who had fallen in one of the late battles, and whose body they were now carrying to France for interment in the family burying-ground.

But when the good citizens of Strasburg, who had come out to meet the body of their late Field-Marshal, saw the domes of their gigantic Minsters sparkling in the golden rays of the setting sun, they thought it most prudent instantly to return home, lest, peradventure, they should find the gates of the fortress shut against them, and so be forced to seek a lodging by starlight without the walls.

"Twilight now gradually approached, and spread her dark mantle over the foaming waves and the peaceful land, and still no procession appeared.

"All was now quiet on the bridge—a few solitary loiterers alone remained, who had not yet lost hope of the appearance of the procession, and who had determined to show their respect to the deceased, by accompanying him part of the way to his last earthly home. The guard of honour, which, by order of the Commander, was stationed on the German side of the bridge, tired with the wearisome delay of the procession, laid aside their arms and assembled round the grey-bearded drummer, who had made a campaign in Egypt, and who, seated on a muffled drum, was relating wonderful things of the secrets of the Pyramids. The approach to the bridge, and the bridge itself, was illuminated on both sides by torches of pitch, whose lurid and flickering flames were reflected in the agitated waves which rolled beneath.

"As I was telling you," continued the talkative drummer, "there are at least a thousand casks filled with gold Napoleons concealed in the catacombs of the Pyramids, just where the old Egyptian kings buried them, and which would be a glorious prize to him who is bold enough to search for them."

"This speech was suddenly interrupted by a call of the sentinels, and the clash of arms, which announced the approach of the procession with the body of the Field-Marshal. The command was given; in a moment the guard stood under arms; and the hollow sound of the veteran's drum now rolled as incessantly as his tongue had done a short time before in recounting his often-repeated adventures. The funeral procession, which was now so near as to be distinctly seen by the light of the torches, did not advance at that slow and dignified pace which the solemnity of the occasion demanded; but, to the astonishment of the spectators, approached with extraordinary rapidity. An officer rode before, who, with his hat pulled over his face, galloped up to the captain of the guard, and, after a few words, presented his passport, the tenor of which was, that he, Adjutant Delolay, was ordered to accompany the body of the deceased Marshal to his family burying-ground, and to pay him the last military honours. After this conference, on a sign from the officer on guard, the drums were silenced, and without even waiting for the salute of honour, the procession hurried forward.

"This is not the way to treat a French Marshal, at least if they mean to pay him military honours," muttered the old drummer to his comrade; "it would break the hero's heart were he to see what pains they take to get the business over as quickly as possible! *Sacre nom de Dieu*—I knew him well; I have beat my drum by his side at Austerlitz and Eylau."

"It may be so," interrupted his companion; "but

he must have been of a most enormous corpulence, it is no wonder that the first cannon-ball found it easy to hit him—only look at the size of the bier, and how high the body seems to rise under the black pall. On my soul, one would think there were six Field-M Marshals there in place of one."

"At this moment the leader of the procession dashed past at full gallop—the long plume of his hat waved gracefully in the light of the torches, a scornful smile passed over his countenance, and his expression of triumph and delight spoke of some enterprise successfully accomplished. He soon reached the soldiers, who, with their arms reversed, and in solemn silence, hastily followed the body. The procession had scarcely gained the middle of the bridge, when, to the amazement of the spectators, the officer, who now seemed in greater haste than ever, gave the horses a smart blow with the butt-end of a carbine, which instantly set them off at a hard trot, while he himself followed at a rapid pace, that he might not let the precious corpse out of his sight. So soon as the procession and its leader had passed, the guard of honour at the entrance of the bridge dispersed, to make way for the douaniers, who generally were stationed there, but whose place, upon this particular occasion, was supplied by soldiers of the line.

"Suddenly the clash of arms was again heard, and a rushing sound as of approaching horsemen. The challenge of the sentinel was replied to in a loud, impatient, and eager voice; and an officer, whose richly embroidered uniform was covered with orders, rode up, with the speed of lightning, on a black charger, followed by two gendarmes.

"What is that?" said the stranger, in a haughty and commanding tone to the officer on guard, "what is that dark moving mass upon the bridge?"

"The officer, drawing near, informed the inquirer that it was the body of the late Field Marshal, who was killed in the last battle, and which, under the command of the Adjutant Delolay, they were conducting to be interred in the burying-ground of the deceased.

"The Devil!" said the officer, unheeding his sword, "this is some infamous deception—the procession follows me—I am the Adjutant Delolay!" And with these words he struck the spurs deep in his horse's sides, and flew, followed by his attendants, after the procession.

"The douaniers at once perceived the cheat that had been practised upon them, and that by this contrivance a rich booty had escaped their harpy claws.

"This is a trick of the smugglers," they exclaimed, as they rushed upon the bridge after the gendarmes.

"*Sacre nom!*" exclaimed the veteran of Egypt, "did I not tell you that they knew not how to show funeral honours to a Marshal of the great army? Now, you see I am right, they are no soldiers, but rogues; and the pretended Marshal turns out to be neither more nor less than a bale of tobacco."

"All laughed, but the officer commanded silence, as he did not think it consistent with his dignity to take part in the concerns of the douaniers; however, he thought it as well, under the present circumstances, to remain at his post, and there await the termination of the affair. Whilst this took place on the bank, the procession on the bridge continued its way as quickly as possible; but it was still a considerable distance from the opposite side, when the hollow echoing gallop of approaching horsemen and the shouts of the enraged douaniers reached the ears of its conductor. "Confound it!" said he, to himself, with suppressed rage, "to be so near the harbour, and yet to be shipwrecked."

"He now endeavoured to beat the horses into a trot; but all his exertions to force them to accelerate their speed proved fruitless. The officer now approached at full gallop, followed by the gendarmes, and a crowd of furious douaniers; and the leader of the mock procession now saw that his well-concerted enterprise had failed, and that it was time for him to think of his own safety.

"All is lost!" he exclaimed to his companions; "but the blood-hounds shall not be benefited by it, and their noses shall in vain try to discover the scent. Cut the traces," he exclaimed, "and throw the carriage, with all its contents, into the stream; and," he continued, with a scornful laugh, "let the fishes feast on the corpulent body of his Excellency the Field-Marshal!"

"The good people who followed the spectacle along the banks of the river, were lost in amazement at this extraordinary order, which was instantly obeyed. The horses, freed from their traces, rushed at full speed to the opposite bank. Every exertion was made to push the heavily laden carriage to the edge of the bridge, in order to throw it over into the river; but the pursuers

were already on the spot; the gendarmes, at full gallop, dispersed the people who were busied about the carriage; the douaniers stormed and threatened, while, from the other side of the bridge, to which the pursued had escaped, there issued a hollow murmur.

"Is it even so?" muttered the captain of the smugglers, as he raised himself in the saddle, and beheld the dangerous situation in which he was placed. "And so the valuable goods will fall into the hands of the rascals after all? Nothing now remains but to give my friends the signal to the rescue. Cursed disaster! devilish accident! which has overturned so deep-laid a plan."

"At the same moment there was heard a peculiar whistle, which the douaniers immediately knew to be the smuggler's usual signal when forced to retreat, and which gave notice to his people, that their assistance was required to rescue him from some imminent danger.

"With the speed of lightning he instantly threw off his military hat and cloak, by which he might be recognised, and in the dress of a citizen, which he wore under his uniform, he dashed at full gallop among the astonished crowd, to gain a certain point of the bridge, where several boats lay unobserved, and where he knew he would instantly find a refuge. But while he was straining every nerve to reach his destination, the officer in the embroidered uniform sprang upon him, and stopped him in the way.

"Are you the scoundrel," he exclaimed, with irrepressible fury, "who presumes to pass himself off for the Adjutant Delolay? Instantly dismount, kneel in the dust; tremble, miserable cheat, I myself am Delolay!"—Vol. i. p. 254—262.

ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY.

An Etymological Dictionary of the Latin Language, by the Rev. J. E. J. Valpy, A.M. 8vo. Valpy. London, 1828.

ETYMOLOGY is one of the sciences whose importance is more generally allowed than practically understood. The use which may be made of it in elucidation of historical difficulties, the clue which it frequently affords to the darkest windings of ancient tradition, the light it throws upon many points of moral science, in its connection with the different circumstances of mankind, and its paramount utility to the scholar in every branch of critical science; these several important uses of etymology are less distinctly understood than they ought to be, either by the persons pursuing those branches of learning, in which a knowledge of it would be of the greatest benefit, or by those who are employed in teaching languages, whether ancient or modern. With respect, however, to many departments of learning, it is almost the first thing which should engage attention; or, rather, it should be considered by them as the statuary, or the painter does the power of drawing an outline, and being able to use it as affording established principles to which he may safely refer. Both the philosophical historian and the critic are of this class; and, without possessing some skill and experience in this science of verbal analytics, they are frequently without the power of penetrating, where otherwise they would walk with ease, or of detecting truth when she lies concealed under the thinnest possible veil. The better the nature of language itself is understood, the more clearly the importance of the science of which we are speaking will be discerned; for when it is considered that a universal analogy is known to exist among languages, connecting, by a minute, but yet discernible thread, the dialects of the most remote countries and the most widely separated ages—it must be clearly seen that the mere discovery of this general analogy tends to prove a very remarkable fact respecting the original circumstances of mankind, and that, taking the knowledge of this curious agreement in the languages of the world for the foundation, we may proceed to inquire, with some hope of success, into the existence of a strong analogy in the primitive customs, habits of thinking, and religious feelings of ancient nations. The closer this analogy can be traced, the more light will be thrown from one age and country

to another, in illustration of their different histories; and the greater the certainty with which we can appeal to this analogy, or trace its variations in strength and continuity, the better able shall we be to estimate the value of theories, and conjecture on the history of different nations, and to point out the boundaries of probable conjecture and unsupported speculation. A circumstance also to be particularly pointed out in the mention of this subject is, that etymology furnishes the inquirer into ancient times with a very important addition to that species of evidence which may be most safely relied on, the incidental. Documents of every kind, whether strictly historical or only moral, are exposed to cavil and objection; but when proofs on any question can be drawn from an examination into the structure of a language; when some particular idiom or certain remarkable words form the first link in a chain of argument, we have a species of evidence that lies as far beyond the reach of controversy as the manners of past times beyond control. It is true, the uses of such a science as etymology depend on a nicety of reasoning and patience of research possessed by no very large number of scholars, and that the illustrations to be drawn from it are of a kind, the value of which is not to be estimated by a careless observer; but when it is considered how many times the explanation of a difficult point in history, or of an obscurity in a writing, depends upon the slight and almost imperceptible minutiae of circumstantial evidence, the utility of the inquiries instituted by the science will not be questioned, nor the importance of its consequences under-rated.

It is a little to be regretted, therefore, that considerably less attention is paid to the elementary instruction of young classical scholars in the outlines of etymology, than is due to its importance. The immediate advantages of the study we have seen to be considerable, and there are others which, though less directly belonging to it, are of scarcely less value. Few branches of learning are more calculated to awaken the spirit of research in a young mind than this; for it appeals strongly to the curiosity in its most general propensity, and it offers a reward to diligence at once evident and attainable.

With these ideas, on the utility of etymological science, and on the benefit which would result from more attention being paid to it in our great seminaries of learning, we have taken up the volume before us with much pleasure, which has been in no little degree increased by finding it bear the name of a family, almost every member of which has done some important service to classical literature. The elementary works of Doctor Valpy, of Reading, are indisputably the best treatise of the kind published; and the tasteful and elegant work of Mr. Valpy, of Norwich, the 'Elegantiae Latinae,' would have permanently ranked him among the most accomplished scholars of the age, had he not possessed the higher claims which belong to his useful and laborious life, and the employment of his scholarship in the most important purposes of learning. His edition of the Greek Testament, with the annotations which his extensive knowledge and indefatigable industry have supplied in the illustration of the text, is a work which should form a part of the collection of every theological student and reader, and is one for which Mr. Valpy deserves to be ranked among the benefactors of his age.

The work before us is by Mr. F. E. J. Valpy, one of the masters of Reading School, and brings additional credit to this talented family. After some brief but curious remarks,—by which the author shows that the Latin language is to be regarded in reference to the Greek, not as a sister, but a daughter,—He proceeds:

'We may now, it is hoped, be warranted in believing that the Greek is not the sister, but the parent of the Latin. Nevertheless, the writer has not chosen to avail himself exclusively of this opinion, but has frequently

added to a Greek word analogous words in other languages. He is aware that some learned men contend that the Latin is to be traced not to the Greek but to the Northern languages. Yet it is satisfactory to know, that the great German Etymologist, Wachter, though he refers his language, as much as was in his power, to a northern origin, is frequently obliged to abandon his attempts, and to leave German words with the Greeks and the Latins. With regard to the Cornish and Armorican languages, the learned Welsh linguist, Lhuyd, observes: "The Damnonian and other southern Britons, being on account of their situation earlier conquered, and consequently more conversant with the Romans than we of Wales, it is not to be admired if several Latin words occur in the Cornish and Armorican dialects not owned by us." Indeed, we may often detect a derivation from the Latin from the nature of the word. Thus the Armorican Pirgrin and Relizhon must be corruptions of Peregrinus and Religiosis, the Cornish Paun of Pavonis, and the German Ente of Anatis, and not *vice versa*. So the Northern Recht, Richt, Right, are from the Latin Rectus, and not *vice versa*.

'But it will be said that there are numerous words which we cannot show to be taken from the Greeks. Doubtless it is so, although the number of such words is constantly decreasing. When Vossius published his Etymology, he was ignorant that Pruna was nothing but Πρῶν. So it was with numerous other words. And future generations will probably supply from the Greek sound derivations of words, which to this time have been investigated in vain.

'Such words we have, as far as we have been able, traced on the one hand to the Northern, on the other to the Oriental languages. Not that these sources have been exhausted: much doubtless might have been added, but it is hoped that not a few valuable analogies have been here collected, and that, on the whole, the claims of the Northern and Eastern languages have received a patient and an attentive hearing.

'One word in regard to the Hebrew. Mr. Horne Tooke thus expresses his objection to the derivation of Latin from that language: "It is a most erroneous practice," he says, "of the Latin Etymologists to fly to the Hebrew for whatever they cannot find in the Greek:—for the Romans were not a mixed colony of Greeks and Jews, but of Greeks and Goths, as the whole of the Latin language most plainly evinces." This seems a reasonable proposition; yet I have not omitted to indulge the fancy of those who are not persuaded by it.

'Mr. Tate is of opinion that the Latin language came in great measure from the Sanscrit. Dr. Jones, too, carries us to the Indians. The note on Latus, borne, supplies the reader with an instance of this kind. Barrus and other words will be found traced to an Indian source. Mr. Tate cites the following passage from Sir William Jones: "The first race of Persians and Indians, to whom we may add the Romans and Greeks, the Goths, and the old Egyptians or Ethiopians, originally spoke the same language. The Jews and Arabs, the Assyrians, or second Persian race, the people who spoke Syriac, and a numerous tribe of Abyssinians, used one primitive dialect wholly distinct from it." I have selected the following Sanscrit analogies from the 26th Number of "The Edinburgh Review":

Latin.	Sanscrit.	Latin.	Sanscrit.
as	- agas	musca	- macsha
anser	- anasa	navis	- nav, (Pers. nauh)
bellum	- vala (force, violence, an army)	nomen	- nam (S. and Pers.)
		novem	- noea
		novus	- nara
dens, dentis	- danta	paler	- pitara
Deus	- dera	pes, pedis	- pada
dies	- diros	polis	- poli (lord or master)
femina	- fominai	praelium	- pralaya
frater	- bhratara	quatuor	- chatur
gens	- jenu	rex regis	- raja
genua	- genua	ritus	- riti
humus	- dhuni	rola	- ratha (a carriage)
idem	- idem	septem	- sapta
ignis	- agni	sine	- hina
ita	- iti	sine	- scop-tum
jugum	- yugum	suaire	- suair
Juno	- jannai (a mother)	suaire	- suair
ther:	'the manifest origin of the Latin appellation of the mother of the Gods.'	sunt	- suntu
		tepor	- tapa (and tapitum to warm)
juvenis	- yuva	terra	- dhara
lux, lucis	- loch (shine)	valco	- vala (strength)
malus	- mala (dirty, sordid)	vales	- vadi
mater	- matara	vehere	- vadh-tum
medius	- madhya	ver-ere	- vart-illum
met-ere	- met-tum	vidua	- vidhava
memini	- mau	vir	- vir
met-iri	- met-tum	vincus	- ancus
modus	- moto	vom-ere	- vom-illum
mor-i	- mor-tum (Pers. voz, voola)	vao	- vao (S. and Pers.)
	mor-den	uterus	- udur

'Notwithstanding the analogy we have pointed out between the Latin and the Greek, so different are these languages, that, if we take at random a certain number of Latin words, we shall find but few of them correspond in sound to the Greek. A great reason is, that the Latins formed new words from those which they introduced from Greece. Thus Visio has no alliance in sound with *Opis*, nor Visum with *Opasia* or *Opasia*, nor Invidio with *Opasia*; and yet Visio, Visum, Invidio, are all from the Greek *Εἶδω*, through the Latin Video. So the modern Greeks express a chain by *ζῶν*, a word which was unknown to their ancestors, but derived from *ζῶω*, *ζῶον*. Another reason is, that the Latins derived their language from the *Æolic* tribes, which had words peculiar to themselves, and unknown to the Ionic and Attic races. Lastly, derivative languages apply words in a manner unknown to the early writers in the primary language. Thus the French express the head by *Tête*, or as it was anciently *Teste*, formed from *Testa*, a shell, and so the shell of the head. "Mea testa," for "my head," would have been thought a singular expression by Cicero.

'From the analogy which exists between the Latin and the Greek in words of the most common use, we may be disposed to give attention to some derivations which appear at first sight strained and unnatural. We shall allow something for changes which take place at the breaking up of an old language, and at the formation of a new one out of it—for changes which are forced on a people by harmony of sound, and by a different pronunciation of the same letters—for changes too which must often depend on the mere whim and caprice of individuals. Forma was softer than Morfa, and therefore took its place. Canis was pronounced for Cunis, and Calix for Colix, doubtless because they were softer to a Roman ear.—Pref. pp. iv.—vii.

We do not, however, agree with Mr. Valpy in his idea, that an etymologist ought to satisfy himself with tracing a language to its immediate parent. This may be useful, as it respects the mere meaning of words, but it stops short of all the more important and interesting purposes of the study. It is of little use to trace a fountain from one ledge of rock to the other, if we have no patience to follow it to its source. Mr. Valpy, however, has only threatened to be thus deficient in his inquiries, and his work contains the result of his researches into many very various languages. We shall give a short specimen to show the truth of our remark, and the ingenuity displayed in the production.

'*Rorarii*, light-armed soldiers. "Fr. *ros*, *roris*. Because these frequently preceded the regular troops, as dew, or a dewy shower, frequently precedes rain." F.

'*Roratio*, a blasting of vines by the fall of a cold (*roris*) dew.

'*Roro*, I bedew. Fr. *ros*, *roris*.

'*Ros*, *roris*, dew. Tears, which fall like dew. Fr. *δρόσος*, whence *δρόσος*, *δρόσος*. Or from *δρόσος*, *δρόσος*, a stream. Or from *ρῶς*, (*ρῶς*) dew. Fr. *ρῶς* is *ros*, as perhaps *φάλαξ* makes *fos*. Or Tooke: "Row from *roris*, and this from Anglo-Sax. *ror*, dew; from *hryran*, to fall." Wachter: "So *δρόσος* is from Gothic *Driusan*, to fall." Or "From the Oriental *rasas*, to distil." Tt.

'*Rosa*, a rose. "From Celt. *ros*." Ainsw. "Rose, Anglo-Sax. *Rhos*, Welsh. *Rosa*, Lat. Whence but from its colour, from *ros*, red?" W. Or from *ρῶς*, says Varro. That is, from *ρῶς*, (as our murderer, murTHer,) then *ρῶς*, as *δός* for *δός* i. e. *δός*, and our loves for loveTH. But *rosa* is rather from *ρῶς*, *ρῶς*, pertaining to a rose: cut down to *ρῶς*.

'*Roscidus*, dewy. Fr. *ros*.

'*Rosmarinus*, *Rosmarinus*, rosemary. Horace separates *rosmarinus*: "Coronantem marino Rore Deos." Ovid calls it *ros maris*. Why then is it called the dew of the sea? Gregory: "These plants grow naturally on dry rocky soils near the sea, where they thrive prodigiously, and perfume the air so as to be smelt at a great distance from the land." It is, then, a marine plant: but what has *ros* to do with it? I half suspect that the word is a corruption. Is it for *rosa marina*?

'*Rostrum*, the beak of a bird, snout of a fish. Fr. *rodo*, *rosum*, as Clausum, Claustrium; Rasmus, Rastrium. Pliny has, "Corvi aratoris vestigia ipsa rodentes:" where Forcellini notes: "Hoc est, rostra tundentes cibi exquirendi gratia." *Rostrum* was also the beak of a ship. And a pulpit in the Forum where those who addressed the people stood. Because it was adorned with the peaks of the ships taken from the Antiates.

'*Rota*, a wheel; a car; any thing round, as the sun's disk; a course or revolution; a wheel or rack for criminals. "From Celt. *roth*." Quayle. "*Rad*, Germ. A Celtic word. Welsh, *rhod*, Armor. *rat*, Irish, *rit*, *rhotia*, Franc. *rad*. It signifies properly a runner or a foot running. For wheels are like feet by which a chariot (*ποδῆς*) runs. [As *τροχὸς* fr. *τρέχω*, *τρέπομαι*.] Staden derives *rad* from Iceland, *rota*, to drive round." W. 'Pobla' is to rush with a loud noise and impetuosity. *Rota*, if from *ποδῆς*, is for *rotha*. § "Plainly from Hebr. *rotah*, rotavit, rotam gyrauit," says Beaman.—Pp. 408, 9.

We can safely and confidently recommend this publication to our readers as a useful and valuable work. It displays considerable research and erudition, and deserves to find a place in the library of every general reader, as well as the classical scholar.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

The Cypress Wreath. By Mrs. C. B. Wilson. 18mo. Smith and Elder. London, 1828.

Mrs. WILSON'S elegant verses have been long known to the readers of the *Annals*, as greatly contributing to the interest of their pages. Perfectly free from the affectations of a particular school, and trusting to the warmth of a female heart and its chastened tenderness, for inspiration, she writes in a style of pure and sustained elegance, and chooses her themes from subjects on which the gentlest and most amiable of feelings may be safely trusted with their full freedom. Mrs. Wilson has not obtruded herself upon public notice by any of the arts which are unbecoming to female delicacy; but we doubt not she will gradually obtain a popularity which will be the more gratifying to her feelings, as being a genuine tribute of praise to her talents and good taste. It is no little praise to this authoress to say, that the merit which her poetry possesses is entirely her own, and is derived neither from the imitation of an admired model, nor from the bold and striking interest of her subjects. She thus deserves credit for a degree of originality which is unpossessed by more than one fashionable author of the other sex, and a true native talent may be found existing in the calm and plaintive strains which can only be devoid of sweetness to the bad-tutored and hackneyed ear. As Mrs. Wilson has thus trusted entirely to her own taste and feelings in the composition of her verses, it is not necessary for us to institute any comparison between her and the contemporary writers of the same sex; and we have only to express our delight that we have so many uttering the sweetest sentiments of their hearts in poetry as sweet and harmonious.

The volume of Mrs. Wilson's poems now before us, consists of several pieces, some of which we have already seen, but the greater part of which have not yet been before the public. It is divided into four parts, embracing miscellaneous poems, sketches, elegies, and songs, each of which is generally characterised by the same tenderness of feeling, and easy versification, which have distinguished the authoress's former productions. Our extracts from this interesting little volume will bear us out in what we have said of Mrs. Wilson's character as a poetess. We take our first from her sketches:

THE BRIDAL.

'Within the sacred Fane they stand—around
The Bridal group is gather'd; the young Bride
Casts her meek dove-like eyes upon the ground
With woman's tenderness; seeking to hide
The strug'ling sighs that heave her gentle breast,
Where Hope and Fear by turns become a trembling guest!

Look to her heart! what thoughts are passing there
That cast a pensive shadow o'er her brow?
Thoughts in which Love's bright dream can claim no share,
(Yet thoughts, which Love himself must still allow.)
Rush o'er her soul, and leave that trace of care,
Which throws its shade awhile o'er features heavenly fair!

Perchance the thoughts of HOME!—that home which now

She leaves to grace another;—happy years
Of peaceful, calm endearment; as the vow
Her scarce-heard voice has uttered, wake those tears

That, bursting through concealment or control,
Down her fast-fading cheeks in pearly currents roll!

Perchance, a Father's dying look of love
Yet hovers o'er her;—or a Mother's voice,
Whose gentle accents sanction and approve

The object of her young heart's early choice,
Dwells in her ear; but who shall dare reveal
All the fond, tender thoughts that through her bosom steal?

Youth! if her gentle heart and eyes o'erflow,
From thoughts like these, it augurs future bliss;
And coming years of peace and love shall show

Th' unfathom'd depth of woman's tenderness!
Years, which from thee their future hue must take,
As thy love's ebb or flow, shall bright or gloomy make!

Chide not these signs of sorrow, for they tell
No tale of coldness or distrust to thee;
But feelings of the heart, that only dwell

Where Truth and Love have made their sanctuary.
Chide not these mournful smiles—these gentle tears,
Like April's dewy showers, through which the sun appears.

And now the rite is o'er—the white-rob'd train,
'Mid joyous peals that float upon the air,
Depart those sacred walls;—where ne'er again
Shall either of that happy twain repair.
To seal such holy bond, till one shall be
The Bridegroom or the Bride—of cold Mortality!

The fate of one is seal'd for aye on earth,
It may be both:—thrice happy they who prove
The depth of faith that in the soul has birth,
And the true heart, that knows no second Love!
That on one altar kindles all its fires,
And when that altar falls, in the bright blaze expires.

Now, all is bliss and tenderness,—no storm
Comes o'er the summer-heav'n of Love's pure sky;
No angry frowns his rose-wreath'd brows deform,
No lightning glances kindle in his eye;
Calm and unheard those whirlwind passions sleep,
That rise within Love's bowers, as billows from the deep.

Fair Bride! thou know'st not all the varied ills
That may o'ertake thee!—all the painful hours,
The pangs of hope deferred—the blighting chills
That sometimes visit e'en Love's fairest flowers,
And steal away their fragrance;—nor the woes
Woman untold must bear, that wreck her soul's repose!

To watch, perhaps, a wild and wand'ring heart,
To chain by love the Rover;—to beguile
His wayward mood, when tears are fit to start,
With soft persuasive eloquence,—to smile
E'en while the heart is breaking,—is the lot
Of Woman's life, alike in palace or in cot!

To linger through the long night's gloomy reign,
'Till morning breaks in heav'n, and the stars fade
From eyes that watch—a heart that aches in vain;
To mourn o'er blighted Hopes—Love ill repaid;
To shed Affection's tears o'er vows forgot,—
In ev'ry age and clime, such has been Woman's lot!

To chide,—ah, not to chide him;—that his love
Esteems her peace so lightly; but to twine
Her arms round his;—nor by a look reprove;—
To lay her heart before him, as the shrine
That it has sworn to worship;—to win back
The Wanderer's erring feet to Virtue's peaceful track,—

These, and a thousand cares like these beside,
Make up the lot of Woman;—all the hours
Of her life are not sunshine;—to provide,
While summer lasts, against those wintry showers
That Love must sometimes know, should be her care,
If e'er she hopes on Earth one peaceful hour to share!

Fair Bride!—the die is cast—and thou must stand
Its utmost hazard;—never may the heart,
That now is pledg'd, together with thy hand,
Repent the love it trusted;—may thy part,
Through all Life's future scenes, be bright as now,
Nor deeper shades of care veil that unwrinkled brow.

pp. 92-97.

Our next specimen of Mrs. Wilson's style is of a different character, but is so full of true womanly as well as poetical feeling, that it is equally worthy of praise with the one we have just given:

I WATCH FOR THEE.

'I watch for Thee!—when parting day
Sheds on the earth a ling'ring ray;
When his last blushes, o'er the rose,
A richer tint of crimson throws;
And ev'ry flow'et's leaves are curl'd
Like Beauty, shrinking from the world;
When silence reigns, o'er lawn and lea,
Then, dearest Love! I watch for Thee!

I watch for Thee!—when Eve's first star
Shines dimly in the Heavens afar,
And twilight's mists and shadows grey
Upon the lake's broad waters play;
When not a breeze, or sound, is heard,
To startle evening's lonely bird;
But hush'd is e'en the humming-bee—
Then, dearest Love! I watch for Thee!

I watch for Thee! when on the eyes
Of Childhood slumber gently lies;
When sleep has still'd the noisy mirth
Of playful voices, round our hearth,
And each young cherub's fancy glows
With dreams, that only childhood knows,
Of pleasures past—or yet to be—
Then, dearest Love! I watch for Thee!

I watch for Thee! Hope of my heart,
Returning from the crowded mart,
Of worldly toil, and worldly strife,
And all the busy scene of life;—
Then, if thy brow of brightness wear,
A moment's space, the shade of care,
My smile, amid that gloom, shall be
The rainbow of the storm to Thee!

pp. 143, 144.

We close the volume with increased respect for the fair authoress's talents and amiable feelings. Had she not been already known to the public, it would have claimed for her its immediate attention; as it is, it will establish her reputation.

GOMEZ ARIAS.

Gomez Arias; or, The Moors of the Alpujarras: a Spanish Historical Romance. By Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosío. 3 vols. 12mo. Hurst and Chance. London, 1828.

THE prodigious success that has attended the romances of Sir Walter Scott, must have roused the emulation of the rawest recruits in the republic of letters; and, accordingly, we find that France, Germany, and Italy have not been wanting in numerous imitators of this great Scottish artist. In the midst of this multitude of servile copyists, who follow the footsteps of the Edinburgh literary chieftain, a few men, however, of superior pretensions have entered the lists, who are worthy of being put into competition with him, and who, like him, are competent to delineate the general outlines of human nature in all the varieties of life. The manner of the times from which they have drawn their subjects, are represented by them with fidelity and accuracy: and by their efforts, historical romance has re-acquired that character of grace and dignity which it had lost in consequence of the great mediocrity of most of the productions which appeared in the interval which elapsed between the days of Mademoiselle Scudery and the more modern times of Madame Genlis.

M. de Sismondi, was, we believe, the first that introduced on the Continent the new style of romance, for the invention of which we are indebted to the genius of Sir Walter Scott. In his tale of 'Julia Severa,' he has introduced a very interesting action, and a full and accurate description of the manners of the times in which the story is laid. The peculiarities of the fifth century are represented in the most copious and attractive manner, so as to enable the reader to have a more correct and vivid idea of them, than the page of history affords. The manners of the Gauls, the Franks, and the Romans, of that

period; the savage court of Clovis; the ambition and policy of the clergy of those times; the vanity, baseness, and luxury of the patricians of Rome, subdued by the Barbarians; the misfortunes of the brave Gauls who are betrayed and oppressed; all pass in review before the eyes of the reader. Even the wrecks of the ancient fabric of the superstition of the Druids are brought upon the scene, such as when they shed a transient light over the gloomy deserts of Gaul.

Madame Caroline Fichler has performed for Germany, what M. de Sismondi has done for France; and her fellow-citizens have assigned her the title of the 'German Walter Scott.' The turn of her sentiments is grave, and her imagination is fruitful and inventive. Her productions are distinguished by a peculiar independence of thought, and a freedom of judgment, which were not naturally to be expected from a female, and particularly a native of Vienna. Her last work, 'The Swede at Prague,' brings forward a scene of the latter period of the thirty years' war. The reader is transported into the Palace of Waldstein, and lives with the terrible warriors of the North, who came to impose on Germany the right of investigation, and liberty of conscience. Those truly dramatic characters the author delineates with the hues and colours that essentially belong to their own times, and paints their prejudices and peculiarities to the life, while the whole is animated by a strain of narrative equally entertaining and instructive.

M. Alexandre Manzoni is the third of these superior geniuses, who, gifted with the spirit of this new literary school, has undertaken to naturalise the historical romance in his native land. The undertaking was so much the more dangerous and adventurous, as the language of prose has no fixed and peculiar style in Italy. He composed the romance of the 'Promessi Sposi,' which was received with universal admiration and applause. The intention of the author was to describe the Spanish despotism, the famine which ravaged the country of the Milanese in the 17th century, and the pestilence that succeeded that famine. The history of the two young betrothed lovers, who are harassed and persecuted by a leader of banditti, is assumed rather as a species of ground-work on which to exhibit these grand events, than as a regular and concatenated narrative. But when he touches on the romantic department of his work, he powerfully agitates the heart; and when he comes to the part which is purely historical, he arrests the attention of the reader, at the same time that he instructs him.

His production is a national history, which, in a manner superior to the stories of Walter Scott, must interest the people of Italy, who may be viewed in the light of a feeble and helpless infant, for which the brim of the vessel that contains the bitter but healing draught must be rubbed over with honey; and the garb of fiction must be assumed, in order to deliver the useful lessons of history.

A fourth competitor for fame, and rival of Walter Scott, presents himself in the person of Don Telesforo de Trueba, a Spaniard, who has chosen his native country for the theatre of the scenes he describes:

'As an enthusiastic admirer of the lofty genius, the delightful and vivid creations of that great founder of English historical fiction, Sir Walter Scott, it often struck me, while reading his enchanting novels, as rather singular that he had never availed himself of the beautiful and inexhaustible materials for works upon a similar plan to be met with in Spain. It has, indeed, been generally admitted, that Spain was the classic ground of chivalry and romance. The long dominion of the Moors—the striking contrast between their religion, their customs and manners, and those of their Christian enemy—the different petty kingdoms into which Spain was divided, with the consequent feuds, intrigues, and battles,—all concurred to produce a succession of extraordinary incidents and character, highly adapted for romantic and dramatic illustration. Yet, while the less abundant chronicles and traditions of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France,

were successively ransacked by the great magician and his most successful imitators, they seem almost studiously to have avoided dwelling upon those glowing, luxuriant productions, replete with such variety of incident and character, which form the national treasures of Spain.—Pref., pp. 8, 9.

But the reader will naturally ask, is this new and aspiring author competent himself to engage in a task, in which only three authors on the Continent have succeeded to the fullest extent.

The review that we are now going to take of his work, will, we flatter ourselves, fully answer that question. We shall begin by selecting the description of the hero of his romance:

'Don Lope Gomez Arias was a man whose will had seldom been checked, and he placed the most unbounded confidence in the magnitude of his resources, physical and intellectual. Nature had indeed been lavished in conferring on this individual her choicest favours. To the most undaunted courage and quickness of resolve, he united the greatest powers of mind, and brilliancy of talent, but he was unfortunately divested of those genuine feelings of the heart, which alone can render these qualities desirable.

'His courage, talents, and abilities had rendered him an object of dread, not only to the enemies of his country, but to the rivals of his love or ambition. By the men he was generally disliked, feared, or envied. Unfortunately the softer sex entertained for him far different sentiments.—Alas! they could not discover the void within his heart, through the dazzling splendour of his outward form, and habitual allurements of manner. Many had already been the victims of his seducing arts; were they to blame?—perhaps they were only to be pitied. He possessed every resource that professed libertines employ, to inveigle the affections of the innocent maiden, or attract the admiration of the more experienced woman: Besides his courage and resolution—qualities as much more prized by females, as they seldom fall to their share, Gomez Arias was engaging in his deportment and without any alloy of severity in his address; indeed he seemed rather to command attention, than to court it, and the general expression of his features was that of pride, tempered with the polish of gentlemanly bearing.

'In his personal appearance he was remarkably handsome, being of tall and majestic stature, to which his finely turned limbs were in strict proportion. There was an intelligence in the piercing glance of his dark eye, and a smile of mixed gaiety and satire sat habitually upon his lip. To his other attractions he added a set of regular though somewhat large features, which were shaded by a profusion of black glossy curls, and the superb mustachios and *peras** that clothed his upper lip and chin.—Vol. I., pp. 76—78.

Such is the principal hero introduced in the Spanish historical romance of 'Don Telesforo de Trucha.' He is the lover of the beautiful and noble Leonora de Aguila, and, having dangerously wounded Don Rodrigo de Cespedes, he is obliged to seek a refuge at Guadix, where he lies concealed at the time when the rebellion of the Moors breaks out. At Guadix, he falls in love with the innocent and beautiful Theodora Montebianco, who is enthusiastically devoted to him. In one of their interviews, they are surprised by the arrival of her father, Don Manuel de Montebianco, with a stranger, who turns out to be Don Rodrigo, who, having recovered of his wounds, comes again in search of his antagonist.

'Don Lope Gomez Arias!' exclaimed the astonished cavalier.

'Don Lope Gomez Arias!' re-echoed Montebianco. 'It is your rival, then.—What is the meaning of this, Martha?'

'Your honour may ask the gentleman himself,' responded the duenna; 'I know nothing of him, but that he is the most daring and impertinent man.'—(Martha indulged in the privilege granted her by Don Lope; 'the most unceremonious, head-strong, self-sufficient cavalier I ever met with—Virgen Santa!—What a disturbance he has raised in the house! Then there's that most impudent rascal of a valet; he is the principal cause of the commotion, and I humbly crave and hope your honour will give him ample reason to repent his impudence.'

'Repent my impudence!' quoth Roque, 'thou

Pera. The military term is *imperial*; a small tuft of hair.

accused *bruja*! * it would be more meritorious to chop off thy slanderous tongue!"

'Here the duenna proceeded to pour forth a fresh volley of words, without any positive explanation, as is generally the practice when people are anxious to gain time, and collect their senses.

'Peace, woman!' interrupted Gomez Arias, in the middle of her harangue; 'this disturbance, as you term it, is of your own doing. Had you behaved with more courtesy to a stranger, you might have saved the impropriety my valet has been guilty of towards you; an impropriety for which he shall most assuredly suffer in due time.—Here he cast a terrible look on the astonished Roque, who perfectly well knew he was doomed to suffer for his master's vagaries; and that the failure of his adventures must recoil invariably on his unfortunate head. Yet he looked sorely puzzled how to find out the nature of the impropriety he had committed against the superannuated dame who dealt him such abundance of vilipendary epithets.

'All this time the good Don Manuel was patiently waiting for an explanation, and the more the duenna explained, the more perplexed he found himself.

'Gomez Arias at last, after several fruitless endeavours to stop Martha's tongue, availed himself of a momentary pause she made to take breath.—"Don Manuel de Montebianco," said he, "is undoubtedly anxious to learn the object of my visit to his house.

'Visit!" exclaimed the duenna. "Intrusion—a downright taking by storm.—God bless me! a visit you call it—a visit!"

'Silence, Martha, silence; let the gentleman proceed," cried Don Manuel, a little more composed, and feeling an inward dread at the matron's explanatory talents.

'Don Manuel," continued Gomez Arias, "I am exceedingly concerned for the confusion created in the mansion of so honourable a cavalier; but certainly I am not so greatly to blame as that good woman wishes to imply."

'Good woman, indeed!" ejaculated the duenns. '*Jesus me valga!* that I should live to be so called—*soy Cristiana vieja*—and of as good a family as needs be.—No Jewish puddle in my veins.—Good woman, forsooth! My dear master, am I to be called a good woman?"

'Don Manuel looked very grave, not so much, perhaps, at the difficulty of resolving the question, as at the probability of never obtaining a knowledge of the business so long as the duenna had the free use of her tongue. To quiet, therefore, her anger, the complaisant old cavalier kindly soothed her apparently wounded feelings, by allowing that she by no means deserved the appellation.

'Silence being thus restored, Gomez Arias continued: "The cause of my apparent intrusion is simply this:—informed by my servant that Don Rodrigo de Cespedes was in active search after me, and not wishing to be backward in acknowledging the favour, I thought it incumbent on my honour to facilitate a meeting with the utmost expedition. I repaired to this house, from whence my servant had seen that gentleman issue, but before the nature of my business could be disclosed, that rigid dame assailed me with a tremendous storm of abuse, when my valet, in his zeal to serve me, or rather indulging in a propensity to retaliate, retorted the lady's freedom of tongue with rather too much acrimony."

'Now," thought Roque, "it is really too bad to accuse me of acrimony, when I have not opened my lips."

'I attempted an explanation," continued Gomez Arias, "in the hopes of meeting with a more courteous reception, when this young lady made her appearance (turning to Theodora). I was then about to acquaint her with my intention, when fortunately the object of my search presents himself in person, a circumstance which I hail with the more pleasure, as I am assured that Don Rodrigo is particularly anxious we should renew an old interchange of tokens of our mutual regard."

'Senor Don Lope Gomez Arias," replied Don Rodrigo, sorely incensed at the tone of levity in which he was addressed by his rival, "I likewise congratulate myself in thus accidentally meeting with Don Lope sooner than I was led to expect; and though the mock courtesy of his style plainly indicates the reliance he places on the constant good fortune that protects him, yet he shall find me more solicitous than ever for the immediate interchange of the tokens to which he so facetiously alludes."

'Senor Don Rodrigo de Cespedes," returned Gomez Arias, "I cannot but greatly admire that laud-

* *Anglicé*, a beldam.

able ambition which stimulates you to deeds of noble daring, and an unworthy individual like myself cannot feel sufficiently grateful for the honour you wish to confer upon him."

"These words and the sarcastic sneer that accompanied them, exasperated Don Rodrigo to such a degree, that, turning to his rival, he pointed to the door, and, without further reply, intimated to him to follow. Gomez Arias was about to comply, when Monteblando interposing, exclaimed,

"Forbear, caballeros, forbear; this is my house, and although I am far from desiring to withhold any gentleman from the calls of honour, yet let it not be said that my mansion was made a scene of violence and bloodshed."

"*Valgame Dios!*" cried Roque, "Don Manuel speaks like an oracle. Nor do I think myself, this hour of night the most fit to decide such important matters. Broad day-light is certainly preferable to the glimmer of the moon and stars, for business like this."

"Theodora was ready to sink with emotion and fear, but the very imminence of the danger inspired her with a sort of desperate tranquillity. She knew that her interposition would only increase the perplexities of her situation, without preventing the accomplishment of their design. Besides, she placed much confidence in her lover's courage and superior skill in the management of arms, and ultimately she possessed that nobleness of mind that shrinks from the imputation of cowardice in the object of its admiration.

"Monteblando's remonstrances were vain. Don Rodrigo rushed to the door with desperate haste, and Gomez Arias followed with the coolness of one to whom such scenes were familiar.

"Follow me," cried Don Rodrigo, as he bounded down the stairs with fearful alacrity.

"Stay, Don Rodrigo," said Gomez Arias, sarcastically, "not such precipitation, or you may fall before your time."

"This provoking sarcasm entirely overthrew the little remaining temper which Don Rodrigo possessed. His eyes flashed fire, his whole frame shook, and, unable to restrain himself any longer, he furiously drew his sword, and fixed on the *Zuguan** for the field of action."

A combat ensues, when Roque, the valet of Gomez Arias, to prevent a misfortune, puts out the light. A groan is heard, and Don Rodrigo, supposing his rival fallen, flies precipitately. Upon examination, it turns out that the groan was uttered by Roque, who used this stratagem to separate the combatants. While Don Rodrigo is flying to the Alpujarras mountains, Don Antonio de Seyva, a gallant cavalier, and another enemy of Don Gomez, arrives at Guadix, invited by his kinsman Monteblando, for the purpose of marrying Theodora, to the surprise and despair of that young lady. Theodora gives an appointment to her lover at night in the garden, where a distressing scene ensues, which terminates in Gomez Arias's persuading her to fly with him. They leave Guadix, and, during the journey, Gomez, taking advantage of the moment when she retired to rest, abandons her, and, influenced by ambitious views, returns to Grenada.

When Theodora awakes, she finds herself deserted by her seducer, and surrounded by the enemies of her country. They carry her away, and, upon crossing a wood, she perceives a man hanging on a tree, whom, from the conversation of the Moors, she fancies to be her lover.

"The sight appears to unnervy you, lady," coolly observed her conductor, "and I wonder not, for it is a sorry sight for a tender female, and a Christian withal. Yonder scare-crow was, a short time since, a Christian knight, and is there placed a warning to his fellow-countrymen how they dare provoke the angry lion in his dominions. In each Moor will the Christian encounter a lion;—nay, something even more terrible than the king of beasts; for, joined with the mighty strength and fierce resolution of this animal, we have the reason and wounded feelings of men."

"By the prophet," said one of the Moors, "that Christian well deserved his fate; a more desperate man never did I see!"

"Aye," continued another, "he fought bravely, and we bought his life at the dear price of two comrades."

A Porch,—the entrance of a building.

"I came not till he was dispatched," exclaimed Malique in a haughty tone, "otherwise the combat would not have been long dubious; but you are a cowardly set, and, had the Christian been seconded, I suspect that the five who attacked him would have been disgracefully driven back: but he fought alone, his dastardly servant having fled. Pity we could not catch the rascal, for he would have made a proper accompaniment to his master on the next tree."

Theodora listened in frozen suspense, whilst another of the Moors observed, in an under-tone,

"'Twas unfortunate though, that love should have brought about his death: in his last moment, he said something concerning love; and who knows but this young maiden?"

Theodora heard no more,—she uttered a faint smothered scream, and fell lifeless into the arms of Malique.

"Give help! give help! she faints! poor damsel—Get some water from the brook."

They halted a moment, and, having succeeded in lifting Theodora back to life, they carry her to Athacen, where Caneri, a descendant of the old Moorish Kings of Cordova, keeps his headquarters.

We shall return again to this volume.

ABERNETHY'S LECTURES ON ANATOMY, &c.

Lectures on Anatomy, Surgery, and Pathology. By John Abernethy, F.R.S., Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, &c. 1 vol. 8vo.

THE weekly medical publication, 'The Lancet,' attracted notice to itself, and soon obtained a wide circulation, chiefly by reporting, closely, the lectures of some of the distinguished professional teachers in London. It was eagerly sought, on several accounts, by the pupils of the London Schools; it saved to them the labour of making written notes of the lectures, or of practising any other art to fix them in the memory: by taking from them the fear of forgetting, it allowed them to give a more undivided and profitable attention to the lectures, when orally delivered; and the perusal of it at a future time promised to be almost as useful as attendance on fresh courses of lectures. But the advantages of the work were not confined to the young students alone. Among established practitioners, there were many who, by means of it, refreshed their recollection of the valuable lessons of their former teachers; and many others who prized it, as giving a good succinct account of the existing state of medical science.

The listening to an animated discourse leaves impressions on the mind incomparably stronger than the private perusal of any ordinary didactic treatise—a fact acted upon by colleges which require from candidates, for honorary degrees in science, proofs of attendance at oral lectures, although excellent treatises on the various subjects may have been within reach. It follows, that such a written report of a good lecture as will place the speaker vividly before the mind's eye, will have utility approaching to that of the *viva voce* display. Now, Mr. Abernethy's discourses are singularly fitted to be thus preserved. His felicitous talent of narrating cases, and of seizing the salient points, whether ludicrous or instructive, his humour, his eccentricities of manner, &c., have all contributed to arouse the attention of his pupils, and to fix it on the excellent matter usually delivered; and many of these characteristics are well retained in a written report. We are far, however, from holding that Mr. Abernethy's lessons are faultless—witness the whim of his eternal *blue pill*; his carelessness of modern improvements in the healing art; his boasted non-acquaintance with the department of the physician, and yet his acting as if he were master of it, thereby misleading students as to the amount of study required of them, &c.; but if we were to measure the teacher's merit only by the quantity of useful information communicated and permanently impressed on the minds of the pupils,

Mr. Abernethy would rank very high. He was the first to incorporate, in lectures of easy comprehension, many of the important discoveries in the laws of life, made by John Hunter; and it is not too much to say, that his labours have much contributed to that improvement in the treatment of surgical diseases, through the general constitution, which is now common to the great body of the profession.

'The Lancet' preserved reports of Mr. Abernethy's Lectures, in defiance of his attempts to repress them,—being protected against penalties by a point of law, if not of justice. The present volume again seems to be a copy from the Lancet, similarly protected against both the author and the original reporter. The work, therefore, does not come before the world with the authority of an acknowledged work of Mr. Abernethy; but unless he publish an edition himself, or at least revise the existing work, as Sir Astley Cooper may be supposed to have done with respect to his lectures, which were also first published in 'The Lancet,' and afterwards in a separate form, by his relative, Mr. Tyrrell; the present volume will have all its value.

Some parts of Mr. Abernethy's lectures, serve better than any medical work we recollect, to exemplify an important rule in the art of teaching all sciences, but which is not so generally adopted as it deserves; viz. to place general truths or principles before the minds of young students; always as much as possible, in connection with the facts from which the principles are deduced. The enunciation of an abstract, or naked general truth, offers to many, an idea extremely vague and fugitive, but if the truth be embodied in some striking fact or reality, it becomes impressed on the mind for ever. The sages of antiquity acted on this principle, when they embodied the precious maxims of moral and political wisdom in beautiful fables and parables, or in interesting examples from real life: and Mr. Abernethy has often clothed principles of the medical art in a judicious selection of striking cases, related with the peculiarly happy talent which belongs to him.

Odds and Ends, from the Portfolio of an Amateur. No. I. Basil Steuart. London, 1828.

OUR amateur appears to have taken notes of the ridiculous situations in every-day life which have come under his pen; and with the addition of a little extra charge from his own imagination, proposes to send them forth for the amusement of caricature fanciers, in a series, of which the Number before us is the first. It contains four etchings, executed with a good deal of light and free effect, but of no great invention, and not on very spirited or mirth-stirring subjects.

JEAN FACOT.

A short piece, under this title, has been produced at the Théâtre des Variétés. Its success was wholly due to the inimitable acting of Madame Baroyer, as a grandmamma, which nothing could exceed for its discrimination and truth to nature; it must otherwise have fallen, as the plot is as badly managed as any one of those concoctions of our own, denominated a vehicle for music; and what a set of crazy rickety tumbrels have we not had. The characters consist of a military cook, striving to be witty; plentiful discharges of mauquetry, a battle, a duel, and one passable *couplet*. As the subject comes barely within the limits of human comprehension, we shall have it undoubtedly reproduced at one of our great Theatres. The authors are Messieurs Francis and Dartois.

TITLE-PAGE TO THE FIRST QUARTERLY PART OF THE ATHENÆUM.

It being impossible to forward the Title-page of the *Athenæum*, free of postage, into the country, unless it forms part of the regular sheet, it has been so printed for general convenience; but should there be any parties who may desire separate copies of the Title, not marked by folds, as this will necessarily be, they will be printed for that purpose and supplied, at three pence each, by the Publisher.

EIGHT DAYS AT BRIGHTON—BY A FOREIGNER
OF DISTINCTION.

No. IV.

'Tout ce que vient du cœur n'est pas de la flatterie.
Les flatteurs n'en ont pas'

IN an elegant little Fly, which for velocity of motion well deserved its name, I left the Gloucester Hotel to proceed to Kemp-Town, which is probably the newest town in Europe, and which cannot fail to impress a foreigner with a high idea of the boldness and magnitude of English speculation. This place, like many celebrated towns, bears the name of its founder, who has been inspired by the honourable ambition of having his memory connected with an enterprise, of which posterity will say,—

'Te saxa loquuntur.'

The plan on which Kemp-Town is built combines, at once, the picturesque and the majestic. Its elegant structures, forming an amphitheatre on the acclivity of a hill, are reflected in the glassy surface beneath; and, when viewed from the sea, the town presents a miniature likeness of Genoa the Superb. A vast crescent forms the centre of the town. The houses are built on the most spacious and elegant scale; and, when finished and inhabited, the founder may justly be proud of his gigantic undertaking.

I entered the town, which now, at the period of its birth, is almost as desolate as Pompeii after its two thousand years' burial; and I stopped at the door of Mr. Kemp's house, where he had that day invited a party of friends to dine. According to the English custom, I was introduced to all the guests, and their names were likewise mentioned to me. To remember people's names is sometimes a serious tax on the memory; yet the formality of an introduction gives a stranger the chance of entering into conversation with the person whom he sits next to at table, and to whom, without this indispensable ceremony, he could not take the liberty of addressing a word, even though he had been in company with him a dozen times before.* Sir Robert and his daughter arrived a few moments after me, and the company were then summoned to the dining-room.

The dinner was excellent, but contrary to the usual custom in England, we did not sit very long at table. The conversation, which was lively and varied, was kept up with considerable talent. The plans proposed for the improvement of the new town, came under discussion. A brewery, a hotel, and baths, are already established in it; and all the elegancies and luxuries of life will follow, as soon as fashion shall give the signal. After dinner it was proposed that we should drink prosperity to the new town, and to this toast was added the health of the foreigners who had visited it. I replied to this compliment, by observing, that I had some time ago been present at a public dinner in St. Petersburg, in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of that city, and that I hoped the party then present, would, a century hence, assemble round the table of the hospitable founder of Kemp-town, which might then, perhaps, emulate the prosperity of the city of Peter the Great.

When the ladies left the table for the drawing-room, I said to Mr. Marshall, who sat next me, 'I hope we shall not stop wine-drinking for several hours; for a table without ladies is like a parterre without roses.' 'Do not be uneasy on that score,' he replied; 'the custom you allude to is now

very much out of fashion.' 'I am glad to hear it,' I rejoined, 'for that easy and pleasant conversation which, in France, commences so naturally with the dessert, and is continued in the same tone throughout the evening, is in England cut short by this long interruption; and the subjects introduced during the absence of the ladies, being often of a serious nature, the mind on re-joining them, is then less prepared for enjoying the pleasure of familiar conversation.'

We did not continue long over the bottle. On returning to the drawing-room, coffee was served, and soon after the *soirée* commenced, with music. Miss Kemp played the piano-forte and the harp, and sang airs in different languages, with the taste appropriate to each, while we were admiring a collection of landscapes and flowers drawn by her, and which indicates no less talent than application. Accomplishments so varied, and carried to so high a degree of perfection, joined to the personal charms with which the young lady is endowed, might well justify addressing to her the happily expressed compliment of Fontenelle—'You have been taught every art except the art to please, and yet in that your success is complete.'

At a more advanced period of the evening, quadrilles and waltzes were danced, the intervals being filled up with performances on the guitar, in which Senor Hureta, a young Spaniard, made us sensible of powers in that instrument, which, perhaps, few suppose it can possess. As I was dancing with Miss M—I, she informed me that a public ball was given by subscription every week, at the Ship Tavern, and that this ball, like Almack's in London, was under the immediate direction of three ladies, without whose permission no individual could be admitted. 'The room is very fine,' she added, 'and you must come to it, for you will see a great number of fashionable people there.'—'I shall be very glad,' I said, 'and I will, therefore, lose no time in applying for an admission.'

In the course of the evening, I entered into conversation with Mr. Kemp, of whom Cowper might very appropriately have said,

'God made the country, and man the town.'

To much information he has united great urbanity, and he appeared to me to be equally fitted for society and business. He explained to me the nature of the vast enterprise in which he was engaged, and the difficulties he had encountered in the progress he has made towards the complete execution of his plan; difficulties, which, however, had not discouraged him. 'It is a pity,' said I, 'that we do not live in an age in which the pleasing fables of the ancient Mythology might be adopted, for I much doubt, whether, at the building of Thebes, sounds more melodious were heard than those which your daughter has this evening drawn from her harp; and whether Amphion's architects and masons cost as much as yours.'—'You will be better able to judge what the town will be as a whole, from a plan engraved after the architect's designs, which I shall have much pleasure in giving you.'—'I shall have the same, Sir, in accepting and preserving it, as one of the most interesting recollections of my travels; but permit me to give you in exchange, the drawings for a bath similar to those constructed at Constantinople, in which elegance is combined with salubrity. It is possible that such a novelty might prove an attraction for your town; for, as a Chinese pavilion, built in 1784, first brought Brighton into vogue, why may not a Turkish bath, rivaling and superior to that of any Oriental Sultan, confirm the success of Kemp-town?'

The dancing had ceased for some time, and, after an elegant collation, the company departed. I mounted my little Fly, and soon regained my hotel, more and more charmed with the manner in which I had spent my time, and with my experience of English politeness.

As all my time in Brighton was divided be-

tween the pleasures derived from external objects and from society, I had allotted this morning to a picturesque promenade, to which Sir Robert Wilson had invited me to accompany him and his daughter. 'We shall make an excursion of six miles,' said he, 'to show you a place called the Devil's Dike.'—I seated myself in my worthy friend's carriage, and in less than an hour we arrived at the spot. From the summit of a very high hill, the view extends down a precipice of extreme depth. It will, therefore, readily appear, that the terror which this view creates, has given rise to the name.—'It is supposed,' said Miss Wilson, 'that there has been a Roman camp in this spot; and, not long ago, in digging in the neighbourhood, an urn was found, full of coins of the latter Emperors.'—We soon quitted this cheerless prospect.

Onward the scene changed as by enchantment, and presented the most extensive and varied views. 'Every time that I come upon this height, where we now stand,' said Sir Robert, 'it brings to my recollection by its position that spot in front of Dresden, on which General Moreau was mortally wounded by my side.' 'Were you then so near him, Sir Robert,' said I. 'Yes, so near him, that his Aide-de-camp, Colonel Rapatelle, and I supported him in our arms, when he fell from his horse.' 'I have often heard the details of that event related, but never from authority such as yours. I feel the more interested in it, as, notwithstanding the difference of our ages, certain favourable circumstances had established a considerable degree of intimacy between General Moreau and me. I sometimes hunted with him on his own estate at Gros-bois, sometimes on Ouvrard's at Raincy. Such was the natural frankness of his character that I soon became warmly attached to him, and I participated in the general opinion of France against the spirit of despotism which dictated his unjust trial. 'By which,' observed Sir Robert, 'he was condemned to two years' imprisonment, but for which an exile to America was substituted. He had purchased a fine country-house below the falls of Delaware, where he had a striking example of the truth of this axiom:—

Quemcunque fortem videris, miserum neges.

In this retirement, he learned the disasters of the French retreat from Moscow, and foresaw what the result would be for France. The impression which that event made on him, revived his resentment against Buonaparte; and it was then, while under the influence of this feeling, that he received the first overtures of the Emperor Alexander, and determined on returning to Europe.' 'In fact,' I observed, 'Mr. Parish, with whom General Moreau was intimately connected in America, communicated in 1816, at Paris, the correspondence which had reference to that negotiation, as well as all letters which the General addressed to him, asking his advice on this delicate question. In these letters he expressed the same patriotic and unambitious sentiments which had governed him through the whole course of his life.' 'Well!' resumed Sir Robert, 'he embarked secretly on the 21st of June, 1813, with M. de Svinine, Russian Councillor of Embassy, and arrived on the 24th of July at Gottenburgh. He there spent three days with his old friend and companion in arms, the Crown Prince of Sweden, and afterwards proceeded to Prague, where he was expected by all the allied Sovereigns, who received him with the deference due to his military reputation; thus establishing a sort of equality between the rank of monarch and the glory of the great captain.' 'At that time,' said I to Sir Robert, 'I was at Vienna, along with one of the friends of the General, who had shown the most devoted attachment to him. It was M. Tourton, one of the principal bankers of Paris, who, during the trial, did all he could to save him, and whose zeal, which was then considered a crime, was punished by an exile of two years to his estate. We then wrote to the General, to inform him that we intended to set out to meet him; but

* A lady, in Paris, was reproaching Lord S—r with ingratitude towards General Monjardet, whom he appeared to slight, though the General had rendered him the most important services when he was only Mr. D—, and was living in Paris in circumstances bordering on indigence.—'I do not know,' said his Lordship, 'what he has to complain of, for, after all, he was never introduced to me.'

he had already started for Prague, when one of his servants brought us his answer.' 'Well, then, Dresden was attacked on the 26th of August. Moreau was with the Emperor Alexander and the king of Prussia. He rode along the front of the columns, under a shower of balls and bombs. Next day the attack was renewed, and Moreau, after communicating some observations to the Emperor Alexander, advanced to reconnoitre the enemy's movements. A ball struck him on the right knee, and passing through the body of his horse, carried away the calf of the other leg. He then fell into my arms, and Colonel Rapatel, having come forward to assist, we laid him upon the grass. Alexander procured him all the assistance in his power. He was laid on a litter supported on Cossacks' pikes, and he was carried to a neighbouring house, where the Emperor's first surgeon amputated his right leg. The General desired that his other leg might be examined, and on learning that it could not be saved, 'Cut it off, then,' said he very coolly. The allied force was retreating, and the General was again carried to some distance on his litter, round which curtains were drawn. He died on the night of the 1st of September. Every trifle connected with a celebrated man is interesting,' observed Sir Robert. 'I recollect meeting General Morcau at a ball at Madame Récamier's, where he was, as usual, surrounded by foreigners, who were all eager to become acquainted with him. I asked him whether he had seen a new piece which was then performing at the Théâtre Louvois, and which was entitled *Monsieur Musard*, (the Idler.) 'Yes, I have,' replied the General, 'and I think that Picard would have painted his character much better, had he copied implicitly from nature. Every body is more or less *musard*,' added he, 'and, as to myself, I know that I have lost twenty favourable chances in war, merely through *musardant*. I know only one man who is exempt from the fault, and that is Buonaparte.' When I heard a few days afterwards, that Moreau was arrested on the charge of being implicated in Pichegru's conspiracy, I recollected the eulogium he had pronounced, but which, he did not expect, would so soon prove a fatal prediction.'

This conversation amused us on our way back to Brighton, a distance of about six miles. The weather being rather cold, we set Miss Wilson down at her residence, and Sir Robert and I proceeded to the esplanade. It was now too late for meeting Lord H——d, and we were returning from the end of the chain-pier, when Sir Robert was accosted by a lady, whose dignified figure and rich dress of velvet and ermine denoted her to be some person of high rank. 'I have just received a letter from Sir M——B——,' said she, 'containing some news from France, which I dare say will be interesting to you.' 'And, perhaps, to this gentleman, also,' observed Sir Robert, presenting me to the lady, whom he introduced as the Duchess of St. A——. The news to which her Grace alluded, though it had an air of probability, appeared to me to be merely a story got up for the Stock Exchange; and I was right in my conjecture, for next day the report was contradicted. However, we walked about with the Duchess on the terrace of the jetty, discussing the probable truth or untruth of the intelligence which her Grace had received. The conversation then turned to other subjects, and allusion was made to the indecorous way in which the lady was spoken of in some of the public papers, where, it was observed, the liberty of writing too often degenerated into licentiousness. 'Indeed,' said her Grace, 'I am heartily tired of being continually made the subject of newspaper paragraphs. One of the papers found fault with me the other day for being followed to church by two servants, one carrying my prayer-book and the other the Duke's. These scribblers seem to wish to control all my actions. They would even dictate what I ought to give away to the poor; and, at

length, I shall grow tired of charity.' I was not sufficiently acquainted with the nature of these complaints, or with the sort of consolation suited to them, to take part in the conversation, which was maintained by Sir Robert with that happy talent for which he is distinguished, and which, on this occasion, appeared to be particularly useful to him. However, to vary the subject, he made inquiries after Sir F——B——. 'He left me yesterday,' said the Duchess. 'He is exceedingly anxious about the health of his lady; but I hope, notwithstanding, that he will come and pass a few days with me before the opening of Parliament.' We now approached the entrance of the esplanade, and a servant came to inform the Duchess that the Duke had just returned from a sporting excursion. This put an end to our conversation, and we handed the Duchess into her elegant carriage, which was drawn by four horses richly caparisoned. On taking leave of us, she invited us, in the most gracious way, to visit her at Brighton, and also at her residence in London.

The carriage had scarcely driven away when I eagerly enquired of Sir Robert who the Lady was. 'She is, as I said on introducing you,' replied Sir Robert, 'the Duchess of St. A——. At a very early period of life, she became an actress, and, by her beauty and talent, she captivated one of our wealthiest bankers, who finally married her. On her husband's death, she became mistress of an enormous fortune. She has recently given her hand to the young Duke of St. A——, Grand Falconer of England; and this union now ranks her among the first of our nobility.'

'Well,' said I to Sir Robert, 'alliances of this kind are very rare in France, where we retain prejudices against the theatrical profession, which neither time nor our revolution has had power to subvert.' 'And which you carry so far,' observed Sir Robert, 'that you will not permit your great actors to be buried in consecrated ground.' But here, you see, beauty and talent receive a new baptism, which raises them to a level with all that is most respectable in society.' 'But, Sir Robert,' rejoined I, 'prejudices exist every where. You must have observed their tyrannical sway in every country you have visited, and even in this land of freedom, where reason has advanced with such rapid strides, you do not permit a Roman Catholic to have a voice in the Legislature of the country which gave him birth, which he has enriched by his industry, or defended with his blood.' 'Ah!' said Sir Robert, 'there are spots even on the sun;—but to return to the Lady who has just left us. She complains, not without reason, of the manner in which some of the public papers scrutinize her conduct, and pry into the most trivial details of her private life. Yet, I assure you, her name is invariably attached to every benevolent enterprise, and every charitable subscription. Since she has come into possession of her vast fortune, her compassion has never been appealed to in vain; and it may truly be said of her, that she is rich for the unfortunate. Even if she possessed no other merit than that of having acquired her enormous wealth and her noble title, that, at least, would be something, and she might be spared the vulgar jokes of which she is constantly the object, and which, after all, are dictated only by envy.' 'I quite agree with you, Sir Robert,' said I; 'certainly, it would be much more proper to praise her for the good she does, than to insult her by coarse allusions. For my own part, my maxim is never to wound innocent vanity. Self-love, when inoffensive, should be spared.'

I expressed to Sir Robert my wish to go to the ball at the Ship. 'Nothing is easier,' said he, 'and before we go to Lord S——I's, where we are expected to dinner, I will introduce you to Mrs. H——t, one of the Lady Patronesses, who will insert your name in the list, and to-morrow you will only have to send for your ticket.' We called on the lady, who received me with that

kind affability which I have been fortunate enough to meet with in all my introductions here. She was surrounded by her daughters, beautiful as young English ladies generally are. Indeed, in describing this country, if the description be just, the praise bestowed on one thing will often be applicable to a thousand others. The object of my visit being obtained, by the grant of my request, we proceeded straight to Lord S——I's, where I never came without feeling fresh reason to eulogise the politeness I experienced. On intimating to this amiable family the great pleasure I enjoyed at Brighton, for much of which I was indebted to them, I added, that this week would form an agreeable episode in the recollections of my life. 'Are you, then, in the habit of keeping a journal of your life?' asked Lady S——I. 'Yes, Madam,' I replied; 'after some time, one returns to such recollections, as if to listen to the voice of an old friend.' 'And do you publish them?' 'I think I shall, my Lady; publishing a book is like addressing a letter to all the friends, known and unknown, one has in the world.'

Among the company at table, there was a lady, whose features I thought I recollected; but so many years had passed away since I left her at Vienna, that, little as was the alteration which time had made on her countenance, I was not certain that it was the same person. When, however, on our return to the drawing-room, I was informed that the lady who had attracted my attention was really Mrs. Concannon, I hastened to address her with all the eagerness which such an unexpected meeting was calculated to excite. It is always agreeable to be able to say to a lady, from whom one has been for some time absent, that she looks as young as ever; but, after an absence of twenty years, to affirm, though with perfect truth, that she appears younger, might have had the air of a sarcasm, were it not that her friends, as well as I, had often asserted the same fact, the evidence of which she, it may be supposed, was not much inclined to dispute.

During the concert, in which one of the daughters of Lady S——I, gave proofs of a great talent for music, Mrs. Concannon and I retired into an adjoining room, where we had the opportunity of conversing on facts of which we had a common recollection. She informed me, that, since the death of her husband, she had settled at Brighton, and gave me in a few words the history of what had occurred to her since our separation. Every thing of which she spoke appeared so recent—all that she said appeared to refer to a period so far from remote, that I really imagined, especially when looking at her, that we were resuming a conversation of yesterday; and yet that yesterday, was twenty years ago.

RURAL DOMESTIC LIFE.

The Horn Book; The Child's Bed Time; Market Day; and Sunday Evening. Drawn and Engraved by Richard Westall, R. A. M. Colnaghi, London, 1828.

THESE four Mezzotinto Prints, which form a set, contain, each, a pleasing and expressive illustration of the several titles given to them. The first represents a cottage-door, with a grandmother knitting, and a shoeless urchin conning over its letters. The second is an interior cottage scene, with the baby undressing, and the fond parents sharing its tricks and caresses. The third represents a brook, with men and cattle crossing a bridge, and a peasant girl bringing water from the stream. The fourth exhibits a family group, enjoying a Sabbath summer's evening, sitting in the open porch of the door, with a pleasing prospect of rural beauty before them, the father enjoying his pipe, the mother reading her Bible, the daughter listening with respectful attention, and the household dog enjoying, at his master's feet, the repose for which a long day had prepared him. Although not in the highest class of Art, they form a very pleasing series, and such as, in the country especially, will find many sympathising admirers.

PERIODICAL PRETENSIONS.

'The Literary Gazette' and 'The London Weekly Review.'

To those who find food for laughter in the follies of mankind, one of the most amusing exhibitions of the day has been the declaration of war against 'The Edinburgh Review' by 'The Literary Gazette,' and the manifesto against all rivals and contemporaries by 'The London Weekly Review.' The threats of Russia against her eastern enemies are mild, when compared with the denunciations of the Autocrat of Paternoster Row against the Intruder of the North; and Mr. Jerdan evidently conceives the outpouring of the vials of his wrath on the devoted head of Mr. Jeffrey, to be of more awful portent to the world than the marching of the Emperor Nicholas across the Pruth, to attack the Sultan Mahmoud in his capital—or, than the assembling of armies, for the coming contest, in every part of the European world: while the annals of the whole East—from the court of him who calls himself the Brother of the Sun and Moon, and the shadow of God upon earth, to the golden-footed Majesty of Ava who regards all other Sovereigns as his vassals and slaves,—present nothing more remarkable for the quality of complacent self-adulation than the manifesto of 'The London Weekly Review.'

The most amusing feature of this double exhibition of human frailty and folly is, however, the protestations which each of the self-lauding Journals named have, for months past, rung in the ears of all men to whom their voices could extend. They should never descend to puffing,—not they, indeed! they stood on the lofty pinnacle of perfect independence, and needed no such aids. Their employment of them, therefore, cannot be even palliated by the plea of necessity; it must be sheer love, not merely of hearing, but of singing their own praises; and freely enough, indeed, have they administered to themselves whatever gratification this employment may afford them. But let us descend for a moment to particulars.

In the last number of 'The Edinburgh Review,' in an article on the Diffusion of Knowledge, believed to be from the pen of Mr. Brougham, the following passage occurs:

"The success of some literary journals only proves the demand for such matter, not, we fear, the capacity of their conductors adequately and worthily to supply it; the scissors being in truth the mechanical power mainly brought into play by those humble, though very useful personages. Mr. Buckle's 'ATHENÆUM' is of a much superior cast; and, it may be hoped, will meet all the success the great merits and undevoted persecutions of its excellent conductor are well entitled to look for at the hands of Englishmen. But the 'Verulam' professes a higher aim, and, indeed, a wider scope, being devoted to science as well as learning."

Our readers will remember, that, in 'The Sphinx' and 'Athenæum,' two separate articles, each analysing the contents of this Number of 'The Edinburgh Review,' have appeared, in which we have not even alluded to the expressions concerning ourselves, contained in the paragraph quoted—though pressed on our notice by more correspondents than one; for which we take to ourselves no more than the negative merit of at least being slow to reiterate even the praises which others may think it their duty to bestow on our labours, far less to make these the themes of our own eulogy. But the passage in question seems to have excited the ire of Mr. Jerdan, the editor of 'The Literary Gazette,' to a degree bordering on frenzy. He, who, before, had almost forgotten that there was such a publication as 'The Edinburgh Review' in existence, is suddenly induced to think this praise of 'The Athenæum,' from such a quarter, of so much importance, that—all contemptible as he declares his enemy to be—all powerless to produce the slightest injury to his fame, (for he even questions whether any individual in the kingdom has been able to force himself to read this Review!) he buckles on his armour for the fight, as if he were another David going out to meet Goliath. Alas! for the blindness of ungovernable rage; it is more intoxicating than the strongest spirits; and men who are drunk with wine do not commit half the follies exhibited by those who are drunk with anger. If Mr. Jerdan really believed, (as he professes to do,) that 'The Edinburgh Review' has no longer any influence on public opinion; that 'its strength is departed from it; that it has no pretensions whatever to be regarded as an oracle of literature, or an organ of criticism; that it is a compound of trite, common-place trash, and elaborate uninteresting heaviness, the first paragraph and the last being sheer nonsense, and desperate bad grammar to boot; and, above all, that it is a question whether any individual in the kingdom could even force himself

to read it:—if all this, (and we quote his own words,) be really believed by him, can there be imagined a more senseless waste of time, or a more useless demand on the attention of his readers, than to combat so contemptible an opponent,—to trample on the fallen,—to war, as it were, with the dying, if not with the dead?

Mr. Jerdan begins, indeed, by saying, that 'uninterrupted success is the best answer to envious malignity.' Why, then, does he give any other? Is this best answer no longer in his power to give?—or does he think his present mode of answering, better than the best? The world will undoubtedly conclude, that 'the success' of the *Gazette* is no longer 'uninterrupted,' since it is insufficient to answer his present purpose: and in this, perhaps, they will see at once a clear and sufficient reason for the bitterness, as well as blindness, otherwise incomprehensible. Like men who pretend to be most sober when they are least able to stand, Mr. Jerdan is most loud in his protestations of being perfectly mild and unagitated when most furious. After affecting 'to laugh at the monstrous egotistical puffs of starting imitators, and quietly waiting the inevitable extinction of these unparalleled constellations of literature,' and then giving a convulsive proof of his being quite merry and at ease, (holding his sides, no doubt, to prevent the evil consequence of excessive mirth,) he suddenly drops the lower part of his countenance; and, in the very same line, without even a moment's pause, exclaims,—*'But when a publication, of the RANK of 'The Edinburgh Review' (which he afterwards contends has no rank whatever, being wholly worthless and unread) adopts this DIRTY SYSTEM of disparaging others, in order that it may exalt itself, its partisans, and parasites,—it becomes US to EXPOSE THE IMPOSTURE! TO REPEL THE INSULT!! and to PUNISH THE OFFENDER!!!'* Mr. Jerdan is not angry! O no! gentle reader, he is the mildest of God's creatures; but, like Sir Anthony Absolute in 'The Rivals,' he feels that the 'patience of a saint may be overcome at last.'

Hear how mildly and dispassionately he proves the excellence of his temper: 'We address ourselves to Mr. Jeffrey, 'Ods! triggers and bills!' and we charge him with gross illiberality and UNTRUTH towards 'The Literary Gazette,' and with notorious quackery and puffing towards his own associates. But before we TRAMPLE DOWN this mean and DISREPUTABLE conduct,' ('Ods! balls and barrels!' as Acres says, 'I could do such deeds!') Poor Mr. Jerdan! how we pity his disappointment, when he finds that, notwithstanding all his 'trampling down,' and 'quiet waiting for inevitable extinction' to boot, 'The Edinburgh Review' will still go on, and still be read by thousands, while he hugs himself with the notion that he has, or, at least, ought to have, long ago annihilated it!

We shall say nothing of the style of Mr. Jerdan's diatribe against 'The Edinburgh,' though some choice flowers of rhetoric might be culled from it, such as 'bragadocio,' 'humbug,' 'trash,' 'hocuspocus,' 'perking up,' and 'snapping at,' 'defunct literature,' 'much rubbish,' and 'lots of daubs,' with other equally elegant phrases, such as, to use his own terms, are really 'posers,' and would 'puzzle a conjuror.' This is but a minor defect. Its most prominent feature is the utter blindness of its writer to the ridiculous figure he is making of himself; and his committing, in a ten-fold degree of violence, the very offence with which he charges others.

His complaint against 'The Edinburgh Review,' is that it descends to the *dirty system* of indirectly disparaging others, and that it is guilty of quackery in exalting itself?—Now, what is the conduct of 'The Literary Gazette.' It quotes a passage from 'The Edinburgh Review,' one of the professed objects of which was to give high praise, and express sanguine hopes, of 'The Athenæum,' as a literary journal of a much higher character than its contemporaries, and to explain the promised objects of 'The Verulam,' in uniting science with literature for the benefit of general readers: in doing which it omits the intermediate lines of the quotation, which praises 'The Athenæum,' altogether! not even by marking by stars, or any other method, the existence of an *hiatus*; but passing over the lines in question, which must have been purposely struck out by the Editor's own pen, as if they had never existed! This, then, is being guilty of the very offence of indirectly disparaging others, of which 'The Gazette' itself so loudly complains: and as to its 'exalting itself,'—the next fault complained of against 'The Edinburgh Review,'—let the following modest paragraph suffice as an example:

'We will tell him, that the best writers of the better days of his own Review have, with hardly an exception, been considerable contributors to 'The Literary Gazette,' in common with almost every author of eminence in the country. We will

tell him, that there is not a single No. of ours but costs more research, and is supplied by a larger portion of "the systematic division of labour," than any No. of "The Edinburgh Review." We will tell him, that our circulation and influence on public opinion is beyond comparison greater than his own. And we will tell him, that our year's volume presents a pregnant, original, and honest record of the literature, the sciences, the fine arts, the manners, and amusements of the passing time,—which his long dry essays on exhausted topics, and dissections of defunct literature, do not possess.'

Let us pass, however, to 'The London Weekly Review,' and we shall see that even Mr. Jerdan is surpassed in his own peculiar vein, and left far behind in the art of self-commendation. We should premise that 'The London Weekly Review,' which was undertaken by Mr. D. L. Richardson, author of 'Sonnets and Other Poems,' under the editorship of Mr. St. John, commenced its career with the profession of open hostility to the system of puffing, by way of advertisement or otherwise, through which books and periodicals are now brought into notice. Both the proprietor and editor expressed their determination to expose this practice in others, and never to resort to it themselves; and we believe, their 'virtuous horror' of this system of self-eulogy was originally sincere, for which we gave them full credit, and due respect. Judge then of our disappointment, (not to say astonishment,) at finding those very persons who commenced war against this system in others, not content with stringing together as many detached sentences as could be collected from various sources in praise of their own publication, (the very system which is employed by the publishers of whom they chiefly complained,) and appending to all their announcements the words, 'The Weekly Review is the first periodical of its class'; but endeavouring, first to disparage a rival Journal, 'The Literary Chronicle,' by insinuating, in one of its Numbers, that it had a miserable circulation of thirty or forty copies, when both the Editor and Proprietor must have known that it circulated several hundreds; and next, endeavouring to disparage all its contemporaries, by assertions, respecting both itself and others, which they must have known, at the very moment of their making them, to be unwarranted by fact. This is their modest announcement, made through the medium of the last 'Quarterly Review'; and it is a duty owing to society, to expose its absurd pretensions.

With residents in London, and persons acquainted with the actual state of literature and literary undertakings in the metropolis, it will have no weight; as the very terms in which it is couched will convince them of its being a tissue of exaggerated boasting; but as there are others to whom it may appear in a different light, we shall do them a service in undeceiving them. We shall insert the advertisement entire, and refer to its paragraphs afterwards.

1. 'The London Weekly Review' now confessedly stands at the head of weekly periodical literature.
2. No work of the kind has hitherto been able to procure the aid of so many men of talent—because no other is free from sinister and debasing influence.
3. It is in this Review alone that all Publishers indiscriminately can count on having justice done to their works, or the Public on always finding the simple and naked truth.
4. This is the principal cause of the unprecedented success 'The London Weekly Review' has obtained, and of the extensive influence it exerts upon the literature of the day.
5. Other Journals boast of their gossip, which is generally stale; or of their peculiar sources of information, which have no existence.
6. There is no source of information which is not open to this Review, and no bookseller or publisher to whom its opinion is a matter of indifference.
7. Its readers may therefore reckon upon always obtaining the earliest intelligence on every subject connected with Literature and the Arts, and will generally find its decisions *seriously echoed* by the other weekly literary Journals.
8. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the nature of all the subjects it embraces, as it touches upon every thing deserving of notice.

In these eight paragraphs, there are at least as many untruths: not, we regret to say, such as might be palliated by the possibility of misconception or unintentional error, but known and positive mis-statements, put forth for the purpose of deception—a species, in short, of literary swindling, or an attempt to obtain both fame and profit on false pretences. We will examine the assertions *seriatim*.

1st. It is said that 'The London Weekly Review' now *confessedly* stands at the head of weekly periodical literature.' To be sure, it is not said by whom this confession has been made: though to be of any worth at all, it ought to be by some other parties than the writers of this advertisement. It is evidently intended, however, to imply *undisputedly*, or by general confession and assent; for without this it is of little value, since there is no publication, however worthless, that is not *confessedly* good, according to the testimony of some few persons or other. By being at the head, may

mean, in circulation, in profit, or in reputation for excellence alone. In neither of these is it, however, *confessedly* (always excepting by itself) at the head of its contemporaries, since 'The Literary Gazette,' 'The Mirror,' 'The Magnet,' and many others, greatly exceed it in the two first of these particulars, (a point to be easily determined by a plain statement in figures,) and they know that in the last, (though this is less susceptible of proof, being matter of opinion only,) their statement is as inaccurate as in the first.

2. It is asserted, that 'no work has been able to procure the aid of so many men of talent; BECAUSE no other is free from sinister and debasing influence.' This is as false in fact, as it is absurd in argument,—exhibiting at once an untruth and a *non sequitur*. On what ground can they dare thus to slander and decry every Journal but their own, as being under sinister and debasing influence, when they know that some, at least, are quite as free from this imputation as their own: but the exquisite reason, that, *because* they were under such influence, *therefore* they could not procure the aid of so many men of talent, is such as none but blind men could have ventured to put forth; because it is known, that whoever can command the largest capital, can get the aid of the best writers, and the influence alluded to, namely, connection with others in pecuniary participation, is the very thing that will facilitate what it is here said to obstruct.

3. It is asserted, that 'The London Weekly Review' is the only publication in which all publishers indiscriminately can count on having justice done to their works, or the public on always finding the simple and naked truth.' To be justified in asserting this, the writers ought to know, on the best evidence, that other publications do not do justice to works they review, or in other words, that they withhold praise when they think it due, or inflict censure when they feel it to be undeserved, (for mere conscientious difference of opinion as to merit, cannot, of course, be deemed injustice.) Now, the conductors of 'The Weekly Review' do not know this; they cannot know it; and publishers can count no more on having justice done to their works, in 'The Weekly Review,' than in other publications of the metropolis. Indeed, whoever can so far forget themselves, as thus to violate 'the simple and naked truth,' in an advertisement of this description, would not be very scrupulous in departing from it elsewhere.

4. The next assertion is, that 'from the cause first assigned, it has enjoyed unprecedented success, and exerts extensive influence upon the literature of the day.' Of its success, as far as great circulation is implied, we have already spoken: and as to its extensive influence on the literature of the day, we have reason to believe, that it has not yet given birth to one good book, or hindered the appearance or sale of a bad one. Extensive influence is not to be acquired by the most talented periodical in a few months.

5. 'Other Journals,' say they, 'boast of their gossip, which is generally stale, and of their peculiar sources of information, which have no existence.' As to *boasting*, we think no one will henceforth doubt which of the Weekly Periodicals 'confessedly stands at the head' in this department. But, if the gossip of some be stale, and the peculiar sources of others have no existence, would it not be just to name the particular papers, rather than thus to impute falsehood and deceit to all?

6. The most arrogant assumption of all, however, is, perhaps, that which says, 'there is no source of information which is not open to 'The London Weekly Review.' The writer of that paragraph, unless he be an idiot, must know, that there are no *peculiar* sources of information open to any one Review which money will not render equally open to others. Booksellers and authors are too happy to give their information as to works in the press to *all*, because it is their interest to do so; and, for the rest, there are no libraries, museums, or secret stores, which are not equally accessible to others. The pretence of superiority in this respect is senseless; and the idea, that all the London booksellers tremble at the dicta of 'The London Weekly Review,' is perfectly ludicrous! The 'Sir Oracle' of the play was but a shadow compared with this.

7. 'Its readers,' they go on to say, 'may therefore reckon upon always obtaining the earliest intelligence on every subject connected with literature and the arts'—an assumption disproved by a reference to the papers of the last six months, where it will be found that they have been as frequently *behind* other journals as before them in reviews of books, a matter in which no one journal can be uniformly the earliest, because no one journal can review half the books published, and *must* therefore be anticipated by its contemporaries in many.

When it is added, however, that 'its decisions are *severely echoed* by the other weekly literary journals,' it says what the writers must know to be untrue; for they must be aware that other journals have exactly the same facilities as themselves for procuring books on which to form their own judgments, and that these, whether right or wrong, are generally formed by the reviewers, independently of what has appeared elsewhere.

8. Lastly, says the inimitable *Puff*, (even he of the 'Critic' could not surpass this,) 'It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the nature of all the subjects it embraces; as it touches upon every thing deserving of notice: after which follows a catalogue which might be appropriately concluded in the established form,—'with many other things too numerous to mention.' But, if by this it be meant that 'The London Weekly Review' is so complete and comprehensive, that whoever confines himself to reading it alone, would miss nothing, in Literature, Science, or Art, worth knowing, (and if it has any meaning at all, it must be this,) it is the most arrogant and impudent assertion that we have ever yet seen attempted to be palmed on public credulity.

We have felt it our duty to say thus much, more in sorrow than in anger; for we had always been accustomed to regard 'The London Weekly Review' as likely to steer clear of the rocks and quicksands of literary imposture. We regret to see it so entangled among them, as to be threatened with the shipwreck of its reputation at least; and we can only account for such unskillful navigation, by supposing, that, in despair of arriving at the haven of security by pursuing a straight course under true colours and easy sail, its original pilots have quitted the helm, and abandoned their bark to the guidance of other hands. Having had abundant confidence in their modesty, their integrity, and their sense of what was due to others as well as to themselves,—nothing short of their own confession can induce us to believe that they have remained attached to a paper, which, from standing deservedly high in general estimation, has fallen into such utter degradation, as is inseparable from the conduct we have described. If any secret enemy has done them this injury, by publishing the advertisement in 'The Quarterly Review,' for the purpose of blasting their reputation with the world, they should instantly disavow it, and bring the perpetrator of this injury to justice. If not—if it be really their own production—though we will still indulge a hope that this cannot be—no words can express the sorrow or the pity we shall feel for men so humbled, even in their own estimation, as these hitherto honoured and esteemed, but now fallen and unhappy, individuals must be.

SPLENDID HISTORICAL ENGRAVING.

The Trial of William Lord Russell, in 1683. Engraved by John Branley, from the celebrated picture painted by George Hayter, in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Bedford. Robert Bowyer, 74, Pall Mall, London, 1828.

The English school has produced nothing in our day, of greater dignity, more exquisite beauty, more touching sympathy, or more intense interest, than this noble and instructive picture. The exhibition of the original painting, but a year ago, drew hundreds to the rooms of the Royal Academy, at Somerset House; and no one then saw it without admiration, or quitted it without being deeply impressed with feelings of the most refined and elevated nature. Its story, which is so plainly and affectingly told, inspires the highest admiration of manly patriotism and feminine virtue, as exhibited in the fates of the truly noble Lord, and his equally noble Lady; while it kindles, at the same time, the warmest indignation, at the tyranny, treachery, and corruption of those by whom the legal murder of one of the best of men was perpetrated. When we say that the engraving is worthy of the picture, we say no more than justice demands of us; and although the original, as a work of art, belongs, of course, to a higher class than its transcript, yet we rejoice at the picture having been thus multiplied, by being transferred from canvas to copper, as it will enable hundreds who could not possess the former to obtain the latter; and we really think that no wealthy family in the kingdom, in which a spark of patriotism or taste exists, should be without this splendid memorial of one of the most interesting events in English history, in which the two greatest of human virtues, devotion to the public good, and conjugal fidelity, are taught through the medium of one of the most beautiful pictorial representations that can adorn the walls or enrich the portfolio of the artist, the amateur, or the collector.

To accompany the engraving, which will shortly be ready for delivery, Mr. Bowyer has very judiciously prepared an outline plate with figured references to all the characters included in the original, and a list of names, offices, &c., of each. This is bound up with a brief memoir, written by Mr. John Landseer, (himself one of the first engravers of the day,) historically illustrative of the subject of the picture, as well as critically descriptive of the merits of both the painting and engraving as works of art, of which no man is more competent to form an accurate estimate. We are satisfied that we shall gratify our readers by transcribing, from this yet unpublished memoir, a few of the most striking passages.

'William Lord Russell, whose trial at the Old Bailey Sessions-house has been so ably depicted by Mr. George Hayter, was the third son of the fifth Earl and first Duke of Bedford, who, during the agitated reign of Charles I., fought bravely in the battles of Edgehill and Newbury; and, after the restoration, bore St. Edward's sceptre at the coronation of Charles II. With more than the patriotism, Russell inherited the courage and the mild domestic virtues of his father. Although brought up in the principles of constitutional freedom, he appears, during his youth, to have yielded, in some degree, to the tide of dissipation, which, flowing in with the return of royalty and Charles, endangered the morals and the liberties of England; but his marriage with Lady Rachel, second daughter of the Earl of Southampton, completely reclaimed him, and he was thenceforward considered as one of the chief guardians of public liberty and the Protestant religion in the year 1679, when Charles, influenced by the advice of Sir William Temple, found or thought it necessary, to ingratiate himself with the Whigs, Lord Russell was appointed of his Privy Council: but soon discovering that his party were not in the king's confidence, he resigned; and his reasonable dread of the Roman Catholic religion induced him to co-operate actively in promoting the exclusion of the Duke of York from the succession to the throne. In June 1680, he joined with the Lords Shaftesbury, Cavendish, and others, in presenting the Duke in the courts at Westminster, as a Popish recusant; and in the following November, distinguished himself by carrying up the Exclusion Bill to the House of Lords, followed by two hundred members of the Commons. This increased Lord Russell's popularity; but it also increased the displeasure of the Court, which now began openly to discover its arbitrary principles.

'Justly alarmed at these despotic proceedings, the Whig leaders had recourse to counteracting expedients; and a plan for a simultaneous insurrection in England and Scotland, (wherein were concerned the Dukes of Monmouth and Argyll; the Lords Russell, Essex, and Howard; Hampden and Algernon Sydney) was formed, and in some degree, though very imperfectly, digested: but different views prevailed among the leaders; and it is now generally admitted, that Russell, in wishing to exclude the Duke of York, looked only to the preservation of the Protestant religion; the most public proof of which is probably to be found in the reversal of his attainder among the very first acts of William and Mary.'

'We shall now proceed to give some short account of Mr. George Hayter's picture; of those circumstances of Lord Russell's trial which are necessary to its elucidation; and of the exemplary conduct of Lady Rachel, who is so conspicuously portrayed in it.

'Being dear to our best recollections as Englishmen, the subject of Mr. Hayter's picture may, without impropriety, be termed *national*; and as its details consist of authentic portraits from the Bedford collections, and other local matters of fact, held together by careful adherence to the costume of the age in which Lord Russell lived, it is in the strictest sense an *historical* picture; and it is eminently worthy both of the munificent patronage of the Nobleman, who, in justice to the fair fame of his illustrious ancestor, gave the commission to paint it, (and has since facilitated its engraving and publication,) and of the distinguished artist, from whose mind and pencil it has proceeded.

'The interior of the Old Bailey Sessions-house, with its carved oaken desks and antique tribunal, is here made to seem a scene far more worthy than it at present is, of the high rank of the accused party. Behind this seat of justice, and beneath the royal arms, Mr. Hayter has inscribed a motto from Deuteronomy, * which becomes highly pertinent to the occasion, from its juxtaposition to the business before the Court. Between this

* If a false witness rise up against any man, to testify against him that which is wrong; then shall ye do unto him as he hath done: thou shalt put the evil away from among you.—Deut. xix. 16-19.

molto and another text which is concealed from view by a curtain, is rested that immense two-handed and two-edged sword of justice, which has descended to us from the feudal ages. This stands prominently forward; but to discover the scales of Astræa, the observer must use his eye-glass. He finds them, at last, overshadowed by impending ornaments, darkly embroidered on the arras. It is true these are subordinate matters, but they go to increase the general moral effect of the picture, which is, to show how the forms of justice may be prostituted to the purposes of despotism. They help to impress us with ideas of the mock solemnity which tyranny must always assume, when in the presence of the public, and of its victims. They swell the plenitude of the performance, and show that the artist has left nothing unthought of, that could be rendered contributory to the general purpose of his work.

The painter of an historical work is master of but an instant. The selection of that instant is consequently of cardinal importance. The point of time represented in the present picture, is judiciously chosen, both for the intensity of interest which is excited, and the scope which it affords for pictorial display. Mr. Hayter has marked it in the Royal Academy catalogue, by the following short passage from the State trials:—"The two first witnesses having been examined, Lord Howard of Escrick was sworn." The clerk is represented as having just administered the oath, while, as is usual on such occasions, the attorneys, advocates, and judges, are in a state of bustle and anxious anticipation. Of this the painter has availed himself with much professional adroitness; the attitudes of his *dramatis persone* being happily varied, and each individual properly employed.

The gallery is filled by numerous spectators, and their various degrees of concern are marked with due subordination. The deeper interest felt by the jury, is shown in the prompt actions of some, and in the general though perturbed expression of attention to the business before them. On their elevated tribunal sit the Judges; and at a lower table, bestrewn with books and law-deeds, are the advocates and attorneys. Some of the legal characters are busied in writing: the magistrates are apparently calm and considerate: Holt, who was counsel for the prisoner, is attentive to the reception which his Lordship has taken to the co-presence of the witnesses produced against him: the attorney and solicitor-generals are conferring; and Sergeant Jeffries, (afterwards so notorious as a judge, and who wears a countenance worthy of a better reputation,) in his professional acuteness, and with his forefinger resting on his brief, has risen, apparently to catch at some advantage which may militate against the prisoner, or display his own zeal.

Conspicuously seated on a bench beneath the jury-box, sit, Rumsey, formerly a republican officer, and now, as Hume says, a reluctant witness; and Sheppard, who had just been examined, and is attending to the whisper of the former with an air of evident discomfort. The treacherous Lord Howard, upon whose evidence, about to be delivered, must mainly rest the issue of the trial, appears at once wily, apprehensive and conscience-smitten. In Lord John Russell's biography of his illustrious ancestor, he informs us that Lord Howard began his evidence in so low a tone, that one of the jury said, "We can't hear you, my Lord," upon which his Lordship, alluding to the suicide or murder of the Earl of Essex, which had been perpetrated that very morning, replied, "There is an unhappy accident happened which hath sunk my voice. I was but just now acquainted with the fate of my Lord of Essex." Having thus shown (adds Lord John) his sensibility at the death of one of his victims, Lord Howard proceeded to take away the life of another.

At the bar, backed by his personal friends, and conspicuous by his noble presence and the simplicity of his action, stands Lord Russell himself. Calm, dignified, dispassionate, self-collected, intrepid, equal to either fortune that may await him; his finely formed features have a character of cool sedateness, wherein the local truth is so happily coincident with the ideal of the subject and the poetic and pictorial demands of the occasion, that the victim of despotism appears to be

"What Plato thought, (and Godlike Cato was),
A brave man struggling with the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state."

He was assisted during his trial (says the record) by his wife, Rachael Lady Russell; attended by many of his friends. Perhaps,—I write it with diffidence and with deference upon a public occasion where all do not sympathise alike: but, perhaps, the acmé of the pathos in the present case, and that which principally contributed to render this tragical occurrence so peculiarly to be commemorated by the arts of Painting and

Engraving, resides in that beautiful conjugal endearment, which, blending itself with the sentiment of patriotism, induced Lady Russell to forego the natural timidities (not the delicacies) of her sex, and publicly step forward to assist her beloved husband in his hour of trial, when assailed by all the power that tyranny and its satellites could array against him. There she sits with true conjugal devotion, looking anxiously toward Lord Russell, all consciousness of public observation being absorbed in his peril and her own sense of duty:—there she sits, on one of those picturesque ebony chairs which were the fashion of the age, at a small table within the bar, and with her apparatus for writing duly placed before her.* And there she will now sit for centuries, in the view, and in the grateful recollection, of her admiring country.

It is the blending of the softer ties of conjugal affection with the severer bonds of patriotic devotion, which gives so touching an interest to the scene and story here depicted: and it was this which induced Fox, in his History, to say, when speaking of the 'twin patriots,' Russell and Sidney,

'In courage they were equal, but the fortitude of Russell, who was connected with the world, by private and connected ties, which Sidney had not, was put to the severer trial: and the story of the last days of this excellent man's life fills the mind with such a mixture of tenderness and admiration, that I know not any scene in history which more powerfully excites our sympathy, or goes more directly to the heart.'*

Lord John Russell, the present distinguished advocate of Civil and Religious Liberty, who so worthily maintains the reputation of the name he bears, in speaking, (in the Life of his noble ancestor,) of the pure-hearted and unfortunate Rachael Lady Russell, his wife, says—

'Her life may be divided into two parts: one, in which we sympathise with her happiness; the other, in which we admire her fortitude, and feel for her distress. In the first we have seen her captivate the affections of Lord Russell, and, after having become his wife, we have mentioned her as busy in collecting political intelligence for his information, as anxiously providing for his health and comfort, directing the care, and enjoying the amusements, of her children; and, above all, returning thanks to the Most High for the gift of happiness, which, though extreme, she seems never to have abused. She was to her lord the chosen mistress of his heart, the affectionate companion of his life, the tender and solicitous mother of his offspring. These qualities were sufficient to stamp her character as amiable; the conduct, we afterwards related, mark it as sublime. We then saw her attend her husband in prison, upon a charge of high treason, and divide her day between the soothing attention which his situation excited, and the active inquiries which his defence required. We found her, where a nobleman's wife might not, perhaps, be expected,—acting as his secretary in a court of justice, and writing, with her own hand, the notes from which he was to plead in a cause where his life was at stake. After his condemnation, we followed her in the anxious and unceasing solicitations which she made, on every side, to obtain his pardon; and, amidst her restless endeavours to save his life, we still had to admire a heart, which could lead her to abstain from even hinting to the patriot she was about to see perish on the scaffold, that his existence might be prolonged by means degrading to his spirit, or inconsistent with his honour.'*

We cannot close this subject without adding some of the stanzas of Mr. Wiffen's beautiful poem, entitled 'The Russell,' which Mr. Landseer has very appropriately appended to his Memoir, with the just and elegant observation, that 'that the fate of this martyred nobleman, who is the chief subject of the poem, has, in more than one respect, resembled that of the fabled Adonis of old; for not only have liberty and beauty mourned his obsequies, but flowers of ambrosial fragrance and amaranthine endurance spring up from his blood.'

'Wave-girded Albion! canst thou boast
No column—trophy—stone,—
No names to shed around thy coast
A glory all thine own?

* This incident is thus related, with all the affecting power of simplicity, in the report of the trial:

'LORD RUSSELL.—May I have somebody to write, to help my memory?

'LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—Any of your servants shall assist you in writing any thing you please for you.

'LORD RUSSELL.—My wife is here, my Lord, to do it.

'LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—If my Lady please to give herself the trouble.'

* Fox's James II., p. 50.

* Life of Lord Russell, by Lord John Russell. Pp. 134, &c. Vol. II.

Eyrie of Freedom, Yes!—Her power
In sunniest, as in stormiest hour,
With patriots girt thy throne;
Who watch'd with keen and jealous eye,
State's giant cloud swim darkly by.

It was a sunny hour when back
The exiled Stuart came,
Rich with warm welcomes, in a track
Of pleasure, fraught with grief;
It were enough had he but wooed
The syren of Delight, subdued
By no unworthy aim;
But he must forge fresh chains to bind
The chartered rights of human-kind.

The Magog-sway of State and Law,
Twin despots in disguise,
The watchful eye of Freedom saw,
And bade her Russell rise.
No satellite, no satrap he,
To crouch or bend the pliant knee—
Firm, self-respecting, wise,
He stript away the specious veil;
Patriot he rose, and martyr fell.

A giddy Court, bribed to betray,
And armed to defy,
Threw in the sceptre to outweigh
Her balanced harmony:
Vindictive—studious to debase
The curule chair, the civic mace,
The people's sovereignty;
And, with no air-drawn dagger, strike
At noblest hearts, Tiberius-like.

Not with the visionary's heat,
But temperate fire, to plan
Through doubt, through danger, through defeat,
The liberties of man,—
To scorn the senate's venal mutes,
State's parasites or prostitutes,
Her Russell led the van;
And with his Sidney braved, sedate,
The tyrant's pride, the bigot's hate.

Too daring souls! ye little knew
A traitor lingered near,
With hollow voice and arm untrue,
To check your high career;
To move in sunshine of your fame,
Yet turn to blast each glorious aim—
And He—an English peer!
No! wronged Nobility disdains
The recreant blood in Howard's veins.

Arraigned at love's divine command,
Behold his Lady aid,
With shrinking heart, yet active hand,
Her hero, undismayed:
Gentle, but nerved with fortitude,
The fountains of her grief subdued—
By not one tear betrayed;
Alas, too deep those waters lie;
They chill the heart, not cloud the eye!

For Sophistry in shape of Law,
Skilled to confound and wrest
Truth in each inference they can draw,
Writes Treason on his crest;
Vainly would Age and Beauty sue,—
His doom has long been fixed—adieu,
Thou noblest, firmest, best!
Vengeance, more fell than Jeffries' mien,
Hastes on thy glory's closing scene.

Celled in the fortresses of power,
Oh no! I will not dare
To think upon the parting hour
Which Beauty comes to share;
Her agony, love, tenderness,
And weeping childhood's last caress—
Young, innocent, and fair:—
Enough! those eyes have looked their last;
Enough! "Death's bitterness is past!"

Long, long, loved portraits! to you
Shall kindred Britons turn,
To Nature's warm emotions true,
To weep, to adore, to burn—
And shoot to Stuart's tyrant-rage,
That Python of a later age,
The arrows of their scorn;
Giving to your unuttered wrongs
The language of a thousand tongues!"

HUMBOLDT.

At the commencement of the month (April), this great naturalist and traveller proposes to undertake a journey to Siberia, for the purposes of scientific research; to which object the Emperor Nicholas has contributed, by directing that every facility be afforded to the philosopher in his meritorious pursuits.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

'The Wards of London,' comprising a historical and topographical description of every object of importance within the boundaries of the City; with an Account of all the Companies, Institutions, Buildings, Ancient Remains, &c. &c.; and biographical sketches of all eminent persons connected therewith. Parts I. and II., with plates, price 2s. each.

Shortly will be published, price 6s. in cloth, 'Moral and Sacred Poetry,' selected from the works of the most admired authors, ancient and modern. By Thomas Wilcocks and Thomas Horton.

Shortly will be published, a complete history of an 'Action at Law,' with Observations proving the present Practice of the Courts of Law to be absurd, expensive, and unjust; forming a useful assistant to young practitioners. By Thomas Mayhew, Student of Lincoln's Inn.

Dr. J. L. de Villanueva is about to publish, by subscription, a work entitled, 'The College of Maynooth; or, the Education of the Catholic Clergy in Ireland;' the object of which is to analyse 'the Reports of the Commissioners of Irish Education Inquiry,' so as to enable the readers to judge, whether a spirit of Curialism and Jesuitism prevails among the Directors of the Education of the Clergy in Ireland or not. This work will be comprised in one vol. 8vo., consisting of from 400 to 500 pages.

In the press, 'A Dissertation on the Origin of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and its connection with the Pig and Whistle.'

No. 1. of a new Magazine, to be called 'The Gentleman's Magazine of Fashions, Fancy Costumes, and the Regiments of the Army,' will appear on the 1st of May. The whole of the embellishments will be beautifully coloured.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 28.—A Grace has passed the Senate appointing the Rev. W. Whewell, Fellow of Trinity College, Professor of Mineralogy, in the room of the Rev. J. J. Henslow, who has been appointed Professor of Botany.

Degrees. M. A. Rev. J. Townshend Bennett, St. Peter's Coll. M. A. Inceptors. J. Challis and T. Riddell, Fellows of Trin. Coll.; E. Johnstone, W. Goode and C. W. Ballards, Trin. Coll.; J. H. Pooley, Fellow of St. John's Coll.; J. H. Cleveland and T. C. H. Earle, St. John's Coll.; E. Ventris, St. Peter's Coll.; B. W. Beaton, Fellow of Pembroke Coll.; J. Graham, Fellow of Queen's Coll.; S. W. Ward, Fellow of Magdalene Coll.; J. G. Cross, Downing Coll.

B. C. L. Rev. Warnell Feron, Catherine Hall. Bell's Scholars. The following gentlemen were, on Friday last, elected University Scholars on Dr. Bell's foundation.

1. Kennedy, Trin.; 2. Webster, Clare. Mr. Tenynson was declared equal with the latter gentleman; but, according to the foundation deed, the preference of election belonged to Mr. Webster.

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

The Roman Empire under Constantine the Great, by Matthew Bridges, 8vo., 12s.

Beaufort's Mexican Illustrations, 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Archdeacon Parry's Sermons, 8vo., 10s. 6d.

The Holy Week, 12mo., 5s.

The Rone, 3 vols., post 8vo., 11. 11s. 6d.

Cunningham's Two Years in New South Wales, 3d edition, with Map, 2 vols., post 8vo., 18s.

Cameleon Sketches, by the Author of 'The Picturesque Promenades Round Dorking,' sm. 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Numbers I. and II. of a New Series of 'The Flutist's Magazine,' 4to.

Miss Wilkinson.—We regret to hear that Miss Wilkinson, the talented and successful pupil of Madame Pasta, was unable, from an ill-timed and severe indisposition, to attend her engagement to sing at the Guildhall Concert, on Saturday last. This is the more unfortunate for herself, as, in the early part of her professional career, she was restricted by the terms of her engagement at the Concerts of Ancient Music, from accepting any others, and the present is the first season in which she has been free from this restraint. The highly favourable manner in which she was received at the last Concert held at Guildhall, for the benefit of the Foreign Refugees, will make her absence from the present the more regretted. We have no doubt, from the science and power already evinced in her early performances, that she will become one of the most distinguished vocalists of purely English origin, improved by the constant care and example of the first living model of the Italian school.

Mr. Sedgwick.—The following acknowledgment is made, by the late Dr. Parr, of the value of the services rendered, by Mr. Sedgwick, late Chairman to the Board of Stamps, to our Ecclesiastical Establishment, and to genuine Christianity: 'Let me take this opportunity of commending, as I ought to do, most sincerely and most ardently, three pamphlets, for which the well-wishers to genuine Christianity and our Ecclesiastical Establishment are indebted to Mr. Sedgwick. His statements of facts, his arguments from reason and Scripture, and his animated description of characters, do honour to the elegance of his taste, the vigour of his understanding, and the soundness of his moral and religious principles. They will preserve, I trust, many well-meaning and attentive readers from the sorceries which might be practised upon their credulity and their piety.'—*Characters of Fox*, v. 2, p. 817.

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'Nothing can be more elegant and pleasant than the style in which the history is written. It is simple, unaffected, and sometimes even eloquent. The circumstances are related with a modest enthusiasm, which is justified by the subject, and in that perfectly good taste which makes the narrative extremely agreeable.'—*Times*.

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